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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

POLAND'S 'NOW IT CAN BE TOLD?'

H. ROBERTSON MURRAY, correspondent for the *London Times* in Poland, has written two sensational articles since his recent return to England, describing conditions in that country. Speaking of the alleged incompetency of Poland's present rulers, he comments:

Mr. Witos, the Prime Minister, has certainly done well for the cause of the class from which he comes—the peasant. But it does not inspire one to be filled with any great respect for the dignity of a state when its Premier may be seen any day slouching in a restaurant of one of the biggest hotels in Warsaw, collarless and tieless, and wearing heavy peasant boots, to partake of his lunch.

Mr. Murray characterizes the fighting in the recent campaign as farcical, and describes a battle, widely proclaimed as a glorious Polish victory, in which one man—a poor Bolshevik soldier, was killed. Among the incidents which he relates is the following:

One evening I met a transport officer of the American Red Cross Mission. He was in a towering rage. That morning he had received an S.O.S. call from Mlawa, where, according to the message, fighting in the streets had been going on for twenty hours. He rushed up a train with six surgeons, nurses, and all other necessities. The train arrived in Mlawa to find a total of only eighteen wounded—not one for every hour of fighting.

Describing the leaders of the Polish army he says:

I have had abundant opportunity to study the Polish officer, and he fills me with wonder. He entertains himself on a scale in Warsaw which amazes one who knows his scanty rate of pay. Even when the active front was only a few miles away, I never saw one who could fitly be said to have been stained with the dust of battle.

The most unconcerned Polish officer I ever saw was a general who spent day after day of dignified leisure in full uniform in the hotel at which I was staying. He was always most respectfully saluted by officers of junior rank, and most cordially so by his equals. Then I learned that he was awaiting court-martial for having left without leave his command at the front to have a few days' rest in Warsaw. Nobody seemed to think the worse of him, and my informant did not appear to think there was anything exceptional in it, while the general himself certainly showed no sign of embarrassment at his position.

Another typical incident of the campaign, according to this observer, was the following:

At a camp near Kalisch which I visited there were four squadrons of Cossacks who had surrendered to the Poles, and were there to form the nucleus for one of the Russian armies which are being organized in Poland to fight against the Reds. These Cossacks, with their officers, had long ago agreed among themselves to desert to the Poles. But it took six weeks before they were able to accomplish their purpose. Every time their patrols came in view of a Polish

bivouac, riding forward to surrender, the Poles no sooner caught sight of them than they took to precipitate flight. Eventually the Cossacks encountered a regiment of Poseners, who, being German trained, stood their ground long enough to learn the pacific intention of these dreaded Russian horsemen.

He does not consider the sentiment of the working people as reliable.

There is another enemy with which Poland has to contend, and that is the large proportion of the Polish population which is Bolshevik. In every town and village occupied by these invading Reds, a section of the inhabitants turned out to welcome them.

He explains General Weygand's sudden return to Paris as follows:

Many people must have been surprised that General Weygand, so soon after his loudly proclaimed triumph at Warsaw, should have left the grateful Poles to return home. Did he consider his work accomplished? Or was he so eager to hear French adulation of his success that he could not wait? Nothing of the sort. In the first place, the Poles were not at all grateful, being quite offended at the loud praises bestowed on the French general. Weygand himself left Warsaw in disgust, convinced of the impossibility of teaching the self-confident Pole either military science or common horse-sense.

Quite naturally this attack upon the Poles has been resented by the country's representatives and friends in England, and a somewhat acrimonious newspaper controversy has ensued.

HUNGARY AND THE JEWS

AMONG the domestic questions attracting most attention in Hungary just at present is the so-called *numerus clausus* law, which limits the number of students admitted to the various faculties of the university, and gives the university authorities the right to 'ration' academic privileges according to religious confessions. The university of Budapest alone has an enrollment of 17,000, and more than 3000 applicants — particularly Jews — have been excluded. Although the Jews

form but four and a half per cent of the population of Hungary, they have hitherto furnished 60 per cent of the students in the universities. As a result of this racial preponderance there have been serious disorders among the students, who have forcibly expelled Jews from classes. The debates upon the question in the National Assembly indicate that anti-Semite sentiment played no little part in securing the adoption of the measure, although some arguments of a quite different character were advanced in its favor. The preponderance of Jews in the professions is said to result in the congestion of the professional classes in the cities, leaving many country districts, for instance, without adequate medical service. Under the new provision, the annual admissions to the law school are limited to 300, to the medical school to 400, to the philosophical faculty to 200, and to the technical school in all its branches to 1800. It is interesting to note that in the debates upon the bill the conservative members stressed strongly the political danger of 'permitting the formation of an overgrown intellectual proletariat.' The liberal parties opposed the bill.

During the debate, some members of the National Assembly urged the complete exclusion of Jews from universities. On the other hand, leading churchmen deplore this anti-Semite campaign. For example, Prince Cardinal Johann Esernoch, addressing the Jewish members of the delegation which greeted him on a recent visit to Szob, said:

I hope you and all the Jewish people will rest assured that you can always count upon my protection and that of the Catholic clergy in your period of trial. I have always at every opportunity emphasized the importance of religious peace. I would enjoin one thing upon you. Be good Jews, and live after the law of Moses. It is not our desire to convert the Jews to

Christianity. I appeal to you to educate your children so that they will be filled with a religious spirit, and that he who is born a Jew shall remain a Jew and not be ashamed of his race. If your children are brought up in a true religious spirit they will not produce men who, like some of those to-day, have brought disgrace upon the Jewish people. However, those men are no different from the godless of other confessions.

ITALIAN LABOR STRATEGY

COMMENTING upon the recent seizure of the great metal working establishments of Italy by their employees, a Swiss attorney, Dr. Sefana, writing in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, says:

Italy has always conceived its social programmes in an ambitious way. It has enacted a series of unusually progressive welfare laws and supported by legislative favor the co-operative movement. The public attitude toward domestic affairs has been to foster community interests, against the selfish interests of private capital. When Giolitti was Premier, many years ago, the Socialists found him benevolent toward many of their demands, and they counted with good reason on his support in the present controversy. Previous cabinets throughout the war period have been very conciliatory toward the Socialists. Many considered them to have been weak. They even gave legal endorsement by later enactments to illegal seizures of great estates. Indeed it would be hard to conceive a more favorable opportunity than the present for the leaders of the Socialist movement to make a bold stroke for some new goal. Those leaders are supported by a splendidly organized and disciplined party press, which has its representatives all over Italy and circulates in the remotest villages and to the humblest cabins. That press is seconded by highly educated lawyers and economists and able representatives in Parliament.

A new principle of great possible import for the future has appeared in this contest: the arbitrary occupation of the works by the workers. It is very interesting to hear a leader like Turati admit that this measure was adopted by accident. It happened that the treasury of the Metal Workers' Union was empty as a result of the recent strike. Consequently the workingmen, in order to defend themselves from a threatened general lockout, were practically forced to seize the factories. By adopting this weapon peacefully and extending it suddenly to a large number of other industries,

even to agricultural undertakings, they gave it an unanticipated importance. It proved incomparably more effective than a strike; but its effectiveness was due of course to a peculiarly favorable political conjuncture which forced the government to adopt a policy of non-interference.

BUSINESS IN GERMANY

THE Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* commenting upon trade conditions and public sentiment in Germany, says:

Shop stocks have expanded greatly during the past few months. When I left Germany the outcry about the 'clearance sale,' which it was said was going to drain the country of its wares, was at its height. At that time bare windows and empty shelves seemed to justify the chorus of protest. Now there is no longer any lack of wares in the shops. Rather the contrary, for increase in supply has been accompanied by a falling-off in demand, and the holders of goods have in many cases been forced to moderate their prices in order to release their capital. This is particularly obvious in the leather trades. Shop-window announcements give notice of 'quite enormous reductions' in boots, portmanteaus, handbags, and purses. Some of these articles are now being sold at not much more than one-third the prices of six months ago. In clothing the drop has not been nearly so pronounced. The replacement of foreign goods by those of home manufacture is very obvious. At the beginning of the year the better tobacconists' shops showed little else but English cigarettes in their windows. These have now almost completely disappeared. They have been driven out by the high prices resulting from the fall of the mark, and also to some extent by the rescrudescence of the cigar. At the beginning of the year cigars were very scarce, and queues could be seen daily outside the shops where the cheaper varieties were sold. Now cigars are abundant and a good deal cheaper. In the confectioners' windows one notices at once that German chocolate is fast expelling its foreign rivals.

Commenting upon the attitude of the people toward foreigners, he adds:

A change which does not augur well for the future is the aggravation of the bitterness against France. Almost every German, man or woman, with whom I have talked since my return to this country has given spontaneous expression to this feeling. Six months ago it was

confined to a comparatively small political section of the population. Now it seems to be the common property of the entire people. It is recreating the feeling of national unity which was almost completely destroyed by the war and the revolution. A year ago the Germans directed their hatred almost exclusively against one another. Now the first brewing is reserved for the French and the Poles. Open expressions of animosity against the British are very rare. This is far from being merely the result of self-interested calculation or interpretation of our policy. It is rather the echo from those portions of the occupied area where we rule the roost. The alleged excesses of the French colored troops against women and children and the support supposed to be given by France to the Poles in Upper Silesia form the main ammunition of the Francophobe agitation.

UNREST IN SPAIN

A CORRESPONDENT of *Frankfurter Zeitung*, writing from Madrid, September 6, says:

The political situation in Spain is still in utmost confusion, and the labor question is becoming increasingly acute. This applies not only to the old anarchist nest in Barcelona, where during the last twelve months more than one hundred factory owners and superintendents have been assassinated by striking employees, but also to many other cities, like Valencia, Bilboa, Saragossa, Castelone, Seville, and elsewhere. Strike follows strike incessantly and bloody conflicts follow on the heels of other bloody conflicts. Although acts of violence are less common in Madrid, the animosity between the employees and employers is no less in that city than elsewhere. This strike movement is not limited to the towns but is sweeping throughout the country. As I write, early in September, the copper miners of Rio Tinto, the field laborers of Andalusia, the coal miners of Puertollano, and the furnace-men of Viscaya, are striking. Neither party is entirely free from blame in this ruinous struggle between capital and labor. But the men demand higher wages because the cost of living continues to rise. They would be entirely justified if their demands were within measure and a compliance with them were practically possible. But they demand impossibilities and at the same time are reducing their output. So we are living in a vicious circle. The general rise of prices stimulates the demand for higher wages, and higher wages raise prices. Some employers made immense profits during the war and they have not been wise enough to anticipate the excesses of

the labor movement by timely concessions. They are demanding prices which are quite as unjustified as the high wages demanded by the working people. The same spirit prevails among the landowners, graziers, and fishing companies.

Professor Umanumo, formerly rector of Salamanca University, has been condemned to sixteen years servitude for *lèse majesté*, which indicates the spirit of revolt is not confined to the laboring classes.

FEDERATION OF JAPANESE CHURCHES

THE Federation of Japanese Churches at its last convention adopted the following resolutions:

(1) It is a matter of much regret to us that the Korean affair has been misunderstood as a persecution of Christians, and also that there has been much exaggeration in the reports in regard to the attitude of the Japanese people toward the Korean people. We unhesitatingly acknowledge that among the policies adopted and carried out by the authorities there have been things which we cannot approve. While we believe that the authorities, in view of the Imperial Edict regarding the just treatment of the Korean people, and the reform in the system of the Government-General, will not make the same mistake again, we shall watch the acts of the authorities and we hope that Japan shall guide the Korean people with justice and humanity.

(2) To our deep regret the flames of anti-Japanese feeling in China and among a portion of the people of America have been fanned by the suspicion that we have no intention of returning Tsingtao but would hold it permanently. The declaration has been made often, both at home and abroad, that we would return Tsingtao and we firmly believe that at the proper time and in the proper way this will be done. But we cannot affirm that our attitude toward China has hitherto been altogether open and impartial. Our people should reflect upon this seriously. At this time thoughtful people both in and out of office are giving careful thought to this matter and are striving to really bring about good relations between China and Japan. We deeply hope that by giving wise direction to this current at this time, our government and our people may so respect the feelings and interests of the people of the Chinese Republic that a neighborly friendship may

be firmly welded together in mutual understanding.

(3) Among European and American people there is a mistaken idea that we are clinging to militaristic and aggressive principles and that we are thus a second Germany. We deeply regret this. In every nation there are those who admire militarism and Japan is no exception. But we unquestionably believe that both our national policy and the desire of the majority of our people are always for peace and without ambition to invade and possess the territory of others. It is our aim to lead our people to the absolute rejection of militarism and to help bring about a world peace that will endure forever.

(4) It is a matter of great joy to us that, at a time when the necessity for mutual understanding and trust and friendship among the nations is most vital, the League of Nations has been established. We Christians in this land believe that we are richest in international ideas and have the clearest understandings of the great principle of world brotherhood. Our religion has done this for us. And so at this great time it is our ambition that our whole people shall be permeated with the spirit of the League of Nations, and at the same time we wish to join with Christian people throughout the world in bringing it to perfection.

CZECH SOCIALISTS

UNTIL recently the Czech socialists have been the only radicals in western Europe to preserve party unity. Now four antagonistic groups have developed: a conservative section, some of whose leaders have until recently sat in the coalition cabinet, which has its headquarters at Prague and Pilsen; a socialist centre which is strongest in the Moravian mining district; the so-called Marrian lefts, who, while not committing themselves to all the policies of the Bolsheviks, stand considerably closer to them than the two parties just mentioned; and on the extreme left the communists headed by leaders who have recently returned from Russia, who are completely identified with the Moscow movement. In addition, the new republic is blessed with an active anarchist group which will have nothing to do with socialists,

though they be of the reddest Bolshevik dye.

Describing the outcome of the boundary decision arrived by the Council of Ambassadors, in regard to Teschen, a writer in *New Europe* says:

Of the quarter of a million Poles, a good two-thirds have been shut out of Poland—the place where they least want to be. Worse than this, the little capital, Teschen, has been cut right in two—as if one were to take a living body and hew it through with a broad axe. Many people now living in Poland go to business in Czechoslovakia, and vice versa. Many people living in the one country have their potato fields and cabbage beds in the other. Polish hens must now lay Czech eggs, and in order to eat them the owners must have a special pass to get to the hen-houses and pay duty on the way home. To crown it all, the half of the city given the Czechs is the industrial one, whose population is largely Polish; while the upper town, being residential, is chiefly German and Jewish—and it is now Polish. Such is the wisdom of men who decide the fate of lands and peoples they have never seen.

MORE TESTIMONY FROM RUSSIA

THERE has recently come into the hands of the editor a little pamphlet published by the executive committee of the Communist International in Moscow, entitled 'Resolutions and Regulations of the Ninth Congress of the Russian Communist Party—March 29, April 4, 1920' from which we quote the following paragraphs:

XV LABOR DESERTION. Owing to the fact that a considerable part of the workers either in search of better food conditions or often for purposes of speculation voluntarily leave their places of employment, or change from place to place, which invariably impairs production and deteriorates the general position of the working class, the Congress considers one of the most important problems of the Soviet government and of the trade union organization to be the establishment of a firm, systematic, and insistent struggle against labor desertion, the way to fight which is to publish a column of desertion fines, the formation of labor detachment of deserters under fine, and finally, internment in concentration camps.

XIX PAPER AND PRINTING. In view of the fact that the first condition of the success of

the Soviet government in all departments, including the economic, is chiefly a printed systematic agitation, the Congress draws the attention of the Soviet government to the deplorable state in which our paper and printing industries find themselves. The ever-decreasing number of newspapers fail to reach not only the peasant, but even the worker, in addition to which our poor technical means render the papers hardly readable.

The appearance of this pamphlet and of other pamphlets and papers from Soviet Russia abundantly confirms this evidence of the breakdown of the printing trades in that country. Poor materials do not account for all of this: careless and slovenly workmanship are equally conspicuous.

These resolutions affirm the determination to bring both the coöperative societies and the trade unions under the exclusive control of the Communist party, to liquidate all local coöperative societies and general coöperative organizations which compete with government departments—that is, with national distributing agencies.

An eminent Russian surgeon who has just arrived in Berlin from Moscow, reported that his earnings before his departure averaged half a million rubles monthly. Of this amount 30,000 rubles was his salary from the Soviet and the remainder the proceeds of his private practice. He gives the following interesting testimony regarding the survival of the old bourgeoisie under the Bolshevik régime.

Although restaurants cannot exist openly, a few carry on a clandestine existence. The surgeon was invited to dinner by a patient at one of these. The meal began with white seal vodka, comprised caviare, sturgeon, rastegai (fish pastry) of the finest quality, and freshly-boiled ham, and was washed down with real

French champagne. The cost for four persons was the trifle of 800,000 rubles.

Recently the surgeon spent a few weeks at the country mansion of his cousin, a count, who belongs to one of the oldest families of the Russian aristocracy. He found his kinsman still in possession of between seventy and eighty acres of his estate. This he was allowed to keep, but he was compelled to cultivate it himself, as the hire of labor was absolutely prohibited. Another cousin, a prince, was acting as ploughman, and all the light labor on the farm was being done by the ladies of the family. The surgeon gathered that many members of the landed aristocracy were living quietly on their estates on similar terms. According to the surgeon, the educated classes in Moscow do not hope much from General Wrangel, who, they believe, will collapse in the same way as did Kolchak and Denikin. They are, however, as little Bolshevik as ever, though nearly all of them are compelled by hunger to serve the Soviet government.

COMMENT ON THE CONTENTS

EX-PRESIDENT POINCARÉ is peculiarly qualified to discuss President Millerand's attitude toward the French constitution, and the provisions of the constitution relating to the executive. It does not follow, however, that the opinions of the two agree. President Millerand apparently believes in Montesquieu's theory, that executive, legislative, and judicial power should be separate and independent, as did the drafters of the American constitution.

Millerand won his first political victory when he was but twenty-three years old, as a result of his brilliant defense of certain striking miners. While his recent election was in progress he is said to have been busily working over the contents of the bulky portfolio which is his inseparable companion at Parliament House. A Paris correspondent of *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* describes the state of sentiment in Paris prior to his election as follows:

"Conversation on the street revealed that Millerand's election satisfied the democratic instincts of the nation to a remarkable degree. The mystery of Faure's popularity was largely the fact that he was born in a humble mechanic's home in a Paris suburb. The people feel now that Millerand is a true son of the working class, whose habits of industry and simple honesty he has inherited."

PRESIDENT MILLERAND

[*Le Temps* (Paris Semi-Official Opportunist Daily), September 27]

1. *The President and the Constitution*

BY RAYMOND POINCARÉ

THE overwhelming election of M. Millerand will enable him to devote seven uninterrupted years to the service of his country, and to continue in the highest office in the land the labors of inestimable value to the nation to which he has so gloriously consecrated himself during the past few months. His authority will be felt not only in the daily affairs of the government but also in the choice of cabinets; and France will derive permanent benefit thereby. Does this mean that pending a revision of the constitution, which he suggests as a possible future measure, the present traditions of our government will be profoundly modified? Some hope and others fear that this will be the case.

According to reports, M. Millerand explained the other day at a meeting of the cabinet his view of the powers of the executive and indicated, though in very reserved and prudent terms, that Article 8 of the constitution of 1875 grants the President of the Republic the power to negotiate treaties. Some newspapers go further and insist that this is the personal privilege of the President. Article 8 says: 'The President of the Republic negotiates and ratifies treaties.' At first glance nothing could be more explicit. The President of the Republic negotiates personally; he confers with foreign ambassadors; he participates, if he so desires, in international congresses; he attends alone San Remo, or Hythe, or

Spa, or Aix-les-Bains. Now let us leave this clause of the constitutional provisions adopted in July, 1875, and go back to those of February of the same year, which are equally part of our organic law. They give the President several other powers equally important: he has the right to initiate legislation, to appoint all civilian and military employees, to command the army and navy, and many other things. In a word, he has more power than a king, more power even than Louis XIV; for La Bruyère wrote: 'Royalty has lost its authority; the kings themselves have divested themselves of it.' So this is what is meant: The President does not need to consult the minister of the interior in appointing a prefect; he need not consult the minister of war in appointing a general; he may personally order troops to any place he thinks best. He is the supreme executive power. You might say it is the American system.

No, I beg your pardon, it is not the American system. In America the President, it is true, is head of the actual government, as well as titular head of the state. But his ministers are not responsible to Congress. He is elected by the direct vote of the people for a very short time. He is responsible only to the people. It is a consistent system, and quite different from our own. Let us add, however, that in the conduct of foreign affairs, the authority is divided in the United States between the President and the Senate. If the President happens to forget that, the result is rather unpleasant for himself and also for the governments with whom he makes agreements.

Nothing like that can happen in France. To be sure, the clauses of the constitution which I have just quoted if read apart from their context, seem to give the President supreme authority, the functions of a true head of the government. But we must go farther. The text of our constitution adds: 'Every act of the President of the Republic must be endorsed by a minister,' and more important still, it explicitly provides: 'Ministers are responsible to Parliament as a body for the general policy of the government, and as individuals for their personal acts. The President of the Republic cannot be called to account for his acts, except in case of high treason.'

Leaving aside the clause requiring a minister's endorsement to all presidential acts, which does not permit the President to write even an official letter without the signature of a cabinet officer, let us get down to the kernel of the situation. How can a President who cannot be called to task for his acts take the place either in domestic matters or diplomatic negotiations of ministers who are both individually and as a body responsible to Parliament? Responsibility is the test of authority. When Mr. Wilson dismissed Mr. Lansing, that minister could not object: 'I am not responsible to you personally, but to the House of Representatives,' for Mr. Lansing was responsible only to Mr. Wilson. But suppose the President of the French Republic were to dismiss a minister who had a majority of Parliament behind him. Parliament would resist the President, and the President could not dissolve the house, except with the consent of the Senate and after the appropriation bills had been passed.

Moreover, what kind of ministers would they be who would be willing to accept responsibility for acts which were not their own, and how much

heart would they put into defending those acts? The President would be forced to appoint mere clerks. But Parliament finding itself face to face with irresponsible straw men, would at once throw down the gage of battle. In order to escape cabinet crises, we would open the way to presidential crises.

There is a fundamental incompatibility between the American system and a parliamentary system. In the former, the sovereignty of the people is represented for a very brief period by a man to whom the people delegate by a direct vote their powers. Under a parliamentary government sovereign powers are delegated to popular assemblies, to whom in turn the ministers appointed by the President are directly responsible. Since these assemblies cannot hold the President responsible for his acts, they must have at least the right to insist upon having ministers independent of his control. There is no half-way course between these two systems. We must take either the one or the other.

However, between 1871 and 1875, France experimented with a sort of middle course between the American system and our present one. Before adopting the constitution of 1875, Thiers, and for two years his successor, MacMahon, exercised all executive authority. When he was invested with executive power in February, 1871, Thiers immediately went to Versailles to negotiate with Bismarck. One has only to read the memoirs of the German Chancellor, or Hanotaux's history of Thiers' administration, to see how dangerous it is for the head of a state, who in case of a surprise or error has no one to fall back upon, to engage personally in diplomatic negotiations. Bismarck could refer matters back to the Emperor. Appreciating the disadvantage of his position, Thiers im-

mediately demanded an audience with Emperor William; but William in receiving him evaded public questions. Bismarck had told Thiers: 'The Emperor does not like to discuss questions of state except in the presence of his ministers.'

When the law of August 31, 1871, formally imposed upon Thiers the title of President of the French Republic, he combined with the functions of that office those of the head of a parliamentary government. However, the law explicitly provided that he should exercise those functions subject to the authority of the National Assembly. The President had the right to appoint and to dismiss Cabinet officers, but he himself, like those officers, was responsible to the Assembly.

In spite of this, Thiers' presidential term was a perpetual battle. He was attacked daily by the opposition in his capacity as head of the Cabinet, and defended his policies vigorously in Parliament. Defeated on a tariff vote, he tendered his resignation as early as January 20, 1872. In March, 1873, he was defeated on questions of foreign policy, after a debate in which he personally participated, and immediately resigned. This time he did not withdraw his resignation.

It is an incurable illusion for men to try to put into political constitutions a perfection which they do not themselves possess. Our French Constitution has many faults, but it has an advantage over all the proposals to replace it of being a working machine. So long as it is not amended it will be necessary, if we are to avoid crises and conflicts, for the Cabinet to govern, for the Chambers to legislate, and for the President to advise. We have no doubt that this is Mr. Millerand's intention. He has signified this clearly in his recent interview with the senators and deputies. In his own words,

describing that interview, he says: 'What I wish is to have the President an active coadjutor in the work of government.' He knows perfectly well that this is not a radical innovation. Many instances have been recalled of late where earlier Presidents have intervened directly in matters of government policy. It is rather embarrassing for me to cite more recent examples. I have the right to say, however, that before and during the war, most of our cabinets consulted with the President in all important crises, and that on several occasions he voluntarily offered them his advice. In 1913, an important conference occurred between Sir Edward Grey, the Minister of Foreign Affairs in France, and the President of the Republic. During the war, when Viviani, Briand, and Ribot were premiers, several conferences of French and Allied cabinet officers were held at the Elysée Palais, which it was not possible to make public at the time. M. Clemenceau invited the President of the Republic to accompany him to the meeting, where it was decided to place the Allied armies under a single command. The President of the Republic in turn invited Mr. Millerand, as Prime Minister, to accompany him a few months ago to Belgium, where he was to meet the king and his ministers at a conference where many important questions affecting the two countries were settled. Mr. Millerand intends to continue the traditions of his predecessors, as he explicitly stated in his recent reply to the address of the President of the National Assembly at Versailles. But in order that he may successfully carry out the policy which he so ably outlined and which he is so eminently capable of pursuing, it is desirable that he have hereafter, as he has to-day, a Prime Minister, and a Cabinet, in which he has perfect confidence and which has the confidence

of Parliament. It is to be hoped likewise that Parliament will assist him in every way during his coming seven years of office.

[*Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist Liberal Daily), September 24]

II. Political Career

MILLERAND has attained the highest honor in France by his own energy and ability, and not by the lottery of politics. He is not a man who courts friendship, or whom friendship seeks. Whoever saw Millerand, with his well-stuffed portfolio, at the Chamber of Deputies or the Palace of Justice, saw him either alone or conversing about business. In those stormy hours in the *Palais Bourbon* when men assembled in little groups, as they do on an exciting day in the Stock Exchange, to discuss and await a shifting of cabinet posts, he would be sitting quietly at his place far to the left — a position where his political creed had long ceased to place him — studying over some thick bundle of legal documents. Only occasionally would he raise his eyes, under his long, bushy eyebrows, which used to be jet black, to take a glance through his horned glasses at the excited movements of his colleagues. Not that he lacked interest; quite the contrary. He let other men pull the wires in Parliament with a certain quiet content, confident that they would turn to him when his time came. They would turn to him not as they would to many mediocrities, because these could rally a host of their good-fellow friends to support a new Cabinet, but because his personal power and resolution were more valuable for defending a Cabinet or for forcing through its measures than a group of personal followers. He was always a political individualist; but without being politically eccentric.

It produces a comic impression now to recall the outraged indignation of the Socialists when their Red colleague, Alexandre Millerand, joined the bourgeois Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet, and the excitement and ridicule with which this 'defection' was greeted by unthinking conservatives. That event has some weight even to-day, since it has become a famous precedent. Jean Jaurés, painful as he found the eventual loss of his best lieutenants, Millerand, Briand, and Viviani, himself supported with nearly his entire Socialist following the cabinets of Waldeck-Rousseau and of Combes, during their successful fight against the religious orders. Jaurés was far too shrewd a politician to leave the Republic in the lurch during the dangerous interval following the Dreyfus affair; and if he had survived, he would have forgiven the venerable Jules Guesde; whose uncompromising devotion to socialist doctrine seemed likely to confine the party to mere negation, for himself accepting a portfolio in the first great war Cabinet under Viviani.

Millerand has always described himself briefly as a Socialist. He does so to-day although he is technically enrolled in that variegated group known as the Radical and Socialist Republican Union, of which André Tardieu, the former editor of *Temps*, and Klotz, who has served so many times as Minister of Finance, are members. Socialism is a very generous term. A nobleman, who was a boyhood friend of Wilhelm II, once told me with horror that the Kaiser confided in him at one time, that he also was a Socialist. Millerand's socialistic convictions did not prevent him from joining the militarist and chauvinist camp long before the war; neither did it prevent him from acting as attorney for the very Catholic orders which he had labored to disestablish when he was a member of the

Cabinet. He did not refuse a decoration from the Tsar in 1900, after the naval review at Dunkirk. Let us say in passing, that he never wore that decoration, which carried a title of nobility, in spite of the sarcastic comments regarding the 'Socialist Baron.' Alexandre Millerand is not only physically a broad-shouldered, thick-skinned man, but his mind has something of an analogous callousness and contempt for the world's opinion.

The latter may be due partly to the fact that Millerand is Paris born and bred. He was already a practising attorney at twenty-three years of age. Furthermore, he worked as a writer for *Justice*, as a collaborator with that faithful disciple of Voltaire Georges Clemenceau; a fact which shows in itself that his socialism has always had a bourgeois flavor. He was elected to Parliament by the wage earners and salaried workers of Paris when but twenty-six years old. His Marxism, as he interpreted it, was good enough for them. It was not until later, when the color of his socialism had become considerably faded, that his supporters were drawn from a different class. His heresies ultimately became too flagrant for the United Socialist party. They caused bitter controversies among the comrades. When Millerand took it upon himself to attack alone, with all his physical vigor and intentionally brutal style of argument, a Cabinet which the Socialists endorsed, he presented a dramatic figure fending with a disdainful shoulder shrug bitter cries of 'traitor!' 'renegade!' and others more insulting still; and facing the storm without a tremor.

Millerand, however, still regards himself as a good Socialist, and by no means as a deserter of his party. He has always believed that the chief mission of socialism is to improve the living condition of the working people.

Since 1903 he has served as chairman of the committee on Social Welfare, and his advocacy of old age and invalids' pensions, which have not yet been made compulsory in France, has never weakened. During his sojourn in Strassburg, as General Commissioner for the Republic to Alsace Lorraine, he visited in March, 1919, the sick fund buildings; on which occasion he stated that the German legislation providing for old age and invalids' pensions, and unemployment relief, was so excellent that it must not only be preserved in Alsace Lorraine but must serve as a model for imitation elsewhere. Would that he had devoted his strength and ability even more to these social problems! But the wider field of politics gradually absorbed him.

On April 17, 1913, the Belgian *chargé d' affaires*, Guillaume, wrote confidentially to his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Davignon, that sentiment in France was becoming 'constantly more chauvinist and imprudent. Measures must be taken to check this tendency, which has completely dominated public sentiment since the Agadir incident and the formation of the Poincaré-Millerand-Delcassé Cabinet.' On January 17, 1914, Baron Guillaume repeated in his communication to the Belgian government: 'I have already had the honor to inform you that Messieurs Poincaré, Delcassé, Millerand, and their friends are responsible for the nationalist, challenging, chauvinist policy, which we observe has been revived. This constitutes a danger for Europe and for Belgium. I consider it the greatest peril which now threatens European peace.' This opinion from a man who was then a neutral will be taken to-day with a grain of salt. Poincaré, Delcassé, Millerand, and Barthou have since plumed themselves upon these alarmist activities, holding

that Germany's declaration of war proved later how urgently necessary their stimulation of the military spirit was for the preservation of France.

Poincaré and Clemenceau have been honored by marble tablets, set up in the Paris Hotel de Ville, commemorating their services to their country. Millerand will have his; for he has done no less than they. When he was Minister of War under Poincaré, he saw to it that the army was completely reorganized under the guidance of the radical General André. Military salutes and ceremonies were more strictly enforced. A multitude of new decorations adorned the uniforms of the officers and men. On Saturday nights military bands marched through the streets with torches in their caps, playing 'The Retreat.' Millerand was not the least disturbed because a retinue of Royalists and Bonapartists led a cheering mob behind them. Barthou introduced three years' service. Millerand assumed the task of winning public opinion for this measure. To be sure there were incidents enough about this time to poison and embitter public sentiment — airplanes and Zeppelins along the border, the Morocco incident, and all that.

René Viviani, who was unquestionably a Peace Premier, selected Delcassé for the foreign portfolio, and Millerand as Minister of War, when hostilities surprised him in August, 1914. This was perfectly natural. To some slight extent it was their war — a war they had considered inevitable and for which they had made both diplomatic and military preparation. Both paid bitterly for their honors. Delcassé retired from office in high dudgeon. Millerand's resignation was forced by the Socialists and Radicals on August 18, 1915, because of his dictatorial methods. He thus escaped blame for France's subsequent failure in the field.

Poincaré did not forget the man who had stood so strongly with him in demanding preparation for the war. After appointing Millerand to the most important administrative position in Alsace, following the collapse of the Central Powers, he selected him for Premier shortly before the end of his own presidential term. He felt that with this man at the helm the Peace Treaty would be strictly enforced. When Poincaré resigned the chairmanship of the Reparation Committee, it was as a protest against the opposition which he encountered from foreign representatives, not because Millerand was too yielding. To be sure, when Barthou once attacked English policy too vigorously in the Chamber of Deputies, Millerand defended the Entente. However, we must not forget that he strained the bonds between his country and his Allies almost to the breaking point, when he occupied Frankfurt.

But his practical common sense prevents his adopting the headstrong policy advocated by Maurice Barrés, who insists on permanently occupying the Rhineland. On his recent journey through those regions, Millerand emphasized in his speech at Wiesbaden that no unnecessary hardships should be imposed upon the people. We are even assured that while he insists upon strict compliance with the conditions of the Versailles Treaty, he also shows an intelligent comprehension of the fact that France and Germany must work together to prevent the economic ruin of Europe. As a public man he ventures to try any measure which he thinks will benefit his country; but he never overlooks the importance of applying the brakes in time of need. Theorists may fancy that his transfer to what has hitherto been quiet retirement in the Elysée Palace will improve the prospects of the defeated powers. But those who best know present con-

ditions in France will incline to the belief that Millerand's chauvinism is not the worst of evils, and that Germany and Austria might suffer more at the hands of a less careful steersman.

Possibly Millerand's greatest victory still lies before him. He did not overvalue the honor of his election to the presidency, and frankly stated that the mere prestige of office would not compensate him for the satisfaction of holding a more active post. Will he succeed in amending the constitution so as to increase the authority of the executive? Casimir-Périer resigned the presidency because it was an empty honor. Poincaré was unhappy in that position, especially during the Premiership of Clemenceau. Had the latter, instead of Deschanel, been chosen president, he would never have contented himself with merely ceremonial functions. What Millerand seeks is more than a mere formal amendment of the organic law. He would shift the very foundation stones upon which the builders of the third Republic erected their democratic edifice. Unless the present opposition between the bourgeois and the Socialist parties continues to dominate all other issues permanently, we are certain to see a return to the theory that the prime minister, who owes his office solely to Parliament, shall exercise the initiative in law-making and administration, and that the elected executive must defer to him. Then, too, one step further in the present course — the election of the president by direct popular vote — which many of Millerand's followers have long demanded — will revive the old danger of a *coup d'état*, which orthodox Republicans fear as the greatest possible peril for a democratic government. Millerand himself is no Boulanger. But may not some such gallant general appear among his successors?

[*The Outlook* (London Conservative Literary Weekly), October 2]

III. *Alexandre Millerand the Man*

BY ANTHONY CLYNE

THE enthusiasm which has greeted M. Millerand's transference from the Quai d'Orsay to the Elysée is due to his personality at least as much as to its political implications. He represents to his countrymen the policy of a strict enforcement of the Treaty of Versailles and the maintenance of the Entente, and he has accepted office upon his own terms, foreshadowing changes in the Presidential authority, which he has frankly announced. This article is concerned with him as a man rather than as a politician, yet because politics have been his dominant interest in life, it must needs be occupied largely with his political career.

M. Millerand is sixty-one, and physically as energetic as he is mentally, endowed with a frame compact and vigorous, which has withstood with unimpaired health the immense strain of the last eight months as Premier, a noble head plentifully covered with white hair, an oval face glowing with vitality, a gray moustache, calm and thoughtful eyes looking steadfastly through his pince-nez from beneath bushy black eyebrows. The energy, the confident industry of health is one of M. Millerand's characteristics. He is fortunate in possessing the poise, the power of a physical instrument strong and supple. His manner of life has helped, despite the enormous burden of work upon him, to preserve this health. He is abstemious. He does not, for example, like wine, strange as that is in a Frenchman. He rises at six o'clock, and almost invariably takes an hour's brisk walk before a breakfast, not of the national

roll and coffee, but of eggs or cold meat, in the English fashion. After some four hours' work comes lunch, not as with most French people the principal meal of the day, but a cup of tea simply. Then, after more hours of work and a rapid succession of interviews, comes dinner *en famille*, and afterwards, if possible, a game of dominoes.

By profession Alexandre Millerand is a lawyer, and a highly successful one. His ability to master the intricacies of extremely complicated cases and to expound them with lucidity led to brilliant triumphs at the Bar in important commercial cases. The defense of the strikers in the *courts* by the young barrister is not yet forgotten. Millerand commenced his career as a Socialist, an industrious journalist, at one time associated with Clemenceau on *Le Justice*, but he has moved gradually from the left to occupy that middle position best in accordance with his strong common sense and freedom from illusions. As a Municipal Councilor, and later as a Deputy, he identified himself with various movements of social reform. He was a moderating and rationalizing influence in the Socialist Party, an element of stability of excellent service in counterbalancing the excessive idealism of his associates. In 1899 he joined the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet of 'Republican defense' as Minister of Commerce, the first reformist Socialist to hold office, and this led eventually to his expulsion from the Socialist Party in 1903. In 1909 he entered M. Briand's combination as Minister of Public Works.

The perspicacity, the strength of will, the energy thus lost to the party were gained by the nation. As minister he displayed the qualities of constructive statesmanship to such a

degree that the discerning marked him out as one of the great forces of the future in French politics. He carried through a mass of important legislation relating to Labor, instituting a weekly rest-day, conferring the benefit of a pension on over nine million workers, creating a Labor Department at the Ministry of Commerce. From the first Millerand has been a man to whom his countrymen have turned at times of crisis and difficulty. That indicates the characteristics of the man. He is in truth one of those 'strong, silent men,' at his best when the situation demands his utmost talent and determination. Calm, quiet, confident, Millerand has always been himself, always done justice to his own powers, whatever the distractions of the moment.

In 1911, for example, came the Agadir crisis. France was alarmed by Germany's frenzied increase of armaments. Millerand had settled opinions as to how the danger was to be met, resolutely and cogently argued. In consequence Poincaré gave him in 1912 the portfolio of war, and the period of military service was raised to three years. When the Great War came, he accepted the post of War Minister once again. The crisis came and the country turned to him for leadership. It has been so throughout his career. After the Armistice, for example, the administration of Alsace-Lorraine presented serious difficulties. Conditions in the recovered provinces were delicate and complicated in an extreme degree. So Millerand was entrusted with the task, and occupied the post of commissioner-general for Alsace-Lorraine with remarkable success. Millerand contributed very largely to Clemenceau's triumph in the general election of last November by his organization of the 'National bloc,' his vigorous and convincing speeches.

When Clemenceau's Premiership came to an end, it was obviously very difficult to follow him. So Millerand became Premier. Millerand is the man for difficult jobs, and he has never failed to carry them through successfully. Who else could have so well represented France in the counsels of the Allies, could have shown such courageous determination, such necessary immobility? Someone described our premier's conversations with Millerand as an irresistible force meeting an immovable object. Millerand is immovable. It might be a grave defect, but as he is generally right, it is a great virtue.

France and the Allies owe much to Millerand. It was he who placed Joffre at the head of the French armies, and we are beginning to appreciate better now, after a period of something like misunderstanding, what Joffre's leadership achieved. It was fitting that the politician who seems to the public so reserved, a silent tower of strength, should have given France 'Joffre the silent.' It was Millerand who, as Minister of War, bestowed on the French armies the famous 105 gun, that weapon second in the affection and gratitude of the French public only to the redoubtable 75's.

Personally M. Millerand is a man of simple tastes, with a hatred of functions and a love of domesticity. In his home circle, with Madame Millerand, his two sons, and two daughters, he is happiest. When he can escape from work, he delights in a brisk tramp with his dogs, alone or with some of his family. In the evening, whenever possible, he enjoys a game of dominoes. It is the favorite game of Marshal Foch, and the two sought relaxation in this manner after the last Boulogne Conference in the smoking-room of the hotel, to the wonder of onlookers. M. Millerand is

the reverse of talkative, but he can be animated, and he is always genial. His reserve is an economy of energy. With enormous capacity for work, so that if necessary he sits at his desk far into the night in order that he may start in the morning without arrears, he never postpones a difficult decision. The rapidity and the confidence with which he disposes of the multitude of questions that are brought to him every day have made him a prodigy in the eyes of his subordinates.

He has been elevated to the position of Chief of State as a great statesman who will, in the difficult years of post-war reconstruction, worthily embody the nation's triumphant and progressive spirit before the world. He will do so not as an orator. He has no gift of striking phrases or fervid eloquence, but speaks with lucid and cogent sense. He will occupy the Palace of the Elysée as a practical statesman, not as a decorative figure-head.

[*Independence Belge* (Brussels Independent Liberal Daily), September 9, 10, 11, and 12]

WITH THE RETREATING BOLSHEVIKI

BY A FIELD CORRESPONDENT

DURING the victorious advance of Trotzky's troops I had an opportunity to study the soviet forces at first hand. When I joined them they were still advancing like a tempest. Then came their sudden reverse. I felt that to continue with them was more important than ever, for the soul of an army reveals itself best in retreat. I reached Soldau too late to overtake the fleeing troops, but just in time to hear them blow up the iron railway bridge. The Poles had not yet arrived. The town was deserted by its inhabitants, whom I had seen encamped along the wayside and in the German villages of the

neighborhood. All the people here are Germans though placed by the treaty under the government of the Poles. The relations between the two races have always been bad, and the former oppressors find being ruled by their one-time subjects a bitter experience. So they had welcomed the Russians as liberators. Austere old Junkers, arch reactionaries in their own country, fraternized with the Bolsheviks. They drank toasts and sang songs together and speedily ejected from their offices such Polish officials as had not already taken flight. There had been much speech-making. Russian generals with two fingers raised in the air had sworn that the country would never go back to Poland. Enthusiasm reached a point where at Bolshevik concerts '*Deutschland Über Alles*' was wildly cheered.

I hastened forward the best I could, keeping just inside the German frontier, trying to overtake the retreating Russians. I wanted to get to the advance guard as quickly as possible and see the whole force defile before me; and I succeeded in my purpose through the happy chance of being invited to be the guest on an estate which was perfectly situated for my enterprise. This was the castle of Kameru, within a hundred yards of the boundary, near the Polish town of Janowo, which is about the same distance across the border. Here the principal highway through this region passes between the castle and the village. The latter was a favorite point of bivouac. I had permission from the German border guard to cross over when I desired, and was able to visit the Russians without danger of detention.

This West Prussian country possesses a sombre grandeur. It is a low-lying, undulating land of regular contours, broken here and there by great marshes and clumps of forest. As far as the eye

could reach there was evidence of the retreating army. Where the highways cross the ridges and dip down into the shallow valleys, they were crowded with grayish figures, marching slowly but steadily toward the east. Endless columns of baggage wagons accompanied them. By day and by night these wagons rumbled past without interruption. It was an imposing spectacle, and did not suggest an army put out of action. Yet there was in this defeat an impression of discouragement. The horses pushed on mechanically with their heads down. No one hurried, but the very dirge-like slowness of their progress made them a sombre vision. The Russian army has always been so. It is impossible to crush it. It goes and comes as fortune dictates, but never loses its poise. On no occasion have I been more impressed by its phlegmatic calm than now. But this gloomy picture was touched out here and there by high lights and brighter colors. I saw passing proudly fine troops of élite cavalry, their red Soviet banners embroidered with gold. They kept up their bravado as if defying all western Europe. They acted like the advance guard of a new order. Bold officers of the guard, haughty Caucasian noblemen, intrepid Cossack generals from the Don, rode at their head. They passed on, with their faith in the cause they served unshaken.

I saw all stages of the retreat. Now and then I met most interesting groups. Whenever the Russians pitched their camp here, I paid them a visit. Both officers and soldiers received me kindly, asking news of the rest of the world, of a world that they saw only through the red spectacles of their censored press. Many were the strange sights I saw. Soldiers frequently wore workingmen's clothing, perhaps topped by a steel helmet or an old civilian cap. And then

their shoes! High button boots, low shoes, and feet bound up in rags. Often enough the men were barefoot; but that is a common peasant custom during the Russian summers. However, I saw Soviet warriors with one foot shod and the other bare.

On the evening of August 19 I was invited to be the guest of a wealthy cavalry colonel. The officers received me with joy in their eagerness to get some news from Europe. They bombarded me with questions. Was it true that Bulgaria had become Bolshevik? The soviet papers had insisted so strongly that this was the case that they could not doubt it. Was it true that a Bolshevik revolution was due to break out in Belgium? These gentlemen received my assurances to the contrary with relief. They were not personally partisans of the communist government. The only real Bolshevik in the group was the corps commissioner. But he was an inoffensive chap who understood only Russian, and did not bother over my French conversation with the officers — heretical as it was from the standpoint of the Bolshevik catechism.

However, all the commissioners are not like that. In showing me around among the other troops the officers pointed out now and then untidy looking individuals in civilian clothing as commissioners of a lower rank. The army considers them a nuisance. They were to all outward appearance of the criminal type. The officers who were my guests had served without exception in the imperial army, though in lower ranks than they held at present. Most of them were men of thirty to forty years of age, rather young according to our standards for the positions they occupied. However, they did not seem supporters of the Tsar. Most of them sympathized with the cadets and the revolutionary middle

class. I am positive that very few of them are real Bolsheviks. One must not conclude from this, however, that they are not loyal supporters of Lenin. They criticize and blame him. They told me dreadful tales of their distress at home. An officer showed me his boots — fine riding boots — which had cost forty thousand rubles. Indeed, they confirmed the wildest tales current in Europe as to high prices. But they were serving their country patriotically, and in their mind Lenin's government is to-day a legal government.

I talked with several higher Russian officers who inquired with lively interest concerning Wrangel. Their sympathy for him was evident; nevertheless, I believe that the troops I visited could be safely employed against him.

Officers would tell me: 'As yet there is only one party in Russia: the Bolsheviks. What good are the cadets, who are practically dead, and the Mensheviks, who are strong only abroad? We must wait for things to develop. Possibly this very defeat will make a change. But until that change comes, we serve the government in power.'

In addition they hate the Poles bitterly. Every officer and soldier with whom I conversed assured me that the army was a unit in its attitude toward Poland. In case of the officers, military service is a refuge. They are saved from distress and imprisonment when at the front.

The educated man who is not a high official in Russia has no way to support himself. He must either smuggle, or starve and freeze. By joining the army he can secure a fairly good living. Moreover, officers see little of the less favorable side of Bolshevism. Discipline is as strict as ever. They have as complete control of their soldiers as in the days of the Tsar. They retain

all their old prerogatives. Although the soldiers smoked cigarettes made of scraps of newspaper and miserable home-grown tobacco, the officers offered me cigarettes equal to any I have ever smoked in Russia.

Although sugar and good tea were scarce, the officers' mess was abundantly supplied. They were well dressed although the troops were in rags. Among the former were so-called Red officers, Bolsheviks promoted from the ranks. But the common soldiers do not respect them as much as the professionals. They regard only the old Tsarist officers as real officers, and obey them blindly and respectfully. I saw a hundred instances of the absolute control they had over their men. I saw a Cossack officer at a critical moment driving back with sabre strokes a crowd of soldiers trying to get across the frontier into Germany. It never occurred to these men for a moment to resent such usage. I will relate another incident still more typical in its way. I noticed a soldier orating vigorously in favor of Bolshevism at a point on the frontier. I was walking with a colonel at the time, and addressed a question to the soldier orator. Before replying, the latter turned to the officer, who was not a Bolshevik, saluted him respectfully, and asked authority to speak to me. It was not until that was given that he would reply to my question.

Many of the higher officials have their families with them at the front. For example, the commander of the Twelfth Division at Soldau, a man who held high office in the Russian army in the war against Germany, was accompanied by his young and attractive wife, who held a sort of court in the city. She belonged to an aristocratic family and was a patrician in every detail. She wore beautiful gowns and improved the opportunity of her

proximity to Germany to order costly blouses, fine linens, and expensive boots of the latest fashion, from across the border. There was a succession of concerts and musical soirées at the general's quarters and in every respect its atmosphere was that which prevailed in high society in the days of the empire. The rank and file of the Bolshevik troops seemed to be delighted to see their general coqueting thus with Communist principles.

One evening I chanced to be at a frontier post when a brigade commander was driven into German territory by a Polish patrol. He was accompanied by his wife, a lady of high birth. She, however, wore the uniform of a cavalry officer, and her black hair had been cut short like that of the common soldiers. She had fought by her husband's side for two years. In spite of this she remained a charming little lady—in every way a lady of culture and refinement. I spent an evening with her and her husband. They told me a great deal of their military experiences, of the spirit in the army, and incidents of their retreat. Neither of them was a Bolshevik. I learned that it was quite customary for the wives of higher officers to accompany their husbands in the field. It is a natural custom, considering the privations they might have to endure at home. Of course, it is impossible to permit such privileges to the common soldiers and the lower officers; and so we again see the communist principle of equality flagrantly violated at the front.

During the night between the 19th and 20th of August the inhabitants of the district where I was were in a state of great alarm. A horde of famished and exhausted fugitives was descending on the border, with the Poles at their heels. The peasants feared that the weak German border posts would be

overrun, and that a red inundation would sweep over the country.

But their fear was groundless. The peasants did not know how submissive the Russian soldiers were. When a German sergeant told them to get out, they turned back without a murmur. It was not until morning that they were permitted to cross the frontier with their arms and baggage. They were directed to proceed toward the interior without escort, for it was impossible to provide guards for them. Along the route the country people did a lively business buying their horses and wagons. Indeed, the Russian columns were pillaged on a grand scale, without much opposition on their own part.

On Sunday, August 21, the Fourth army began to cross the frontier into East Prussia, not like a torrent but like a shower. Isolated soldiers were to be seen all over the country side. Little groups settled down in the meadows, built fires, cooked meals, and made themselves at home. I did not see any who still carried arms. However, along the roadside were heaps of abandoned rifles and cartridge belts, so that the local population helped themselves to their heart's desire. I suppose that by nightfall nearly every farm house was well armed for defense; for the people were ill at ease with their impromptu Bolshevik visitors.

Still, the same sympathy which I observed everywhere in East Prussia went out for the Russians against the Poles. The people were passionately pro-Russian. It was an interesting phenomenon. In 1914, after the first Russian invasion and still more after the second, the Germans were filled with violent rage against the Russians who had ravaged their territories. They hated particularly the Cossacks, and ascribed every kind of atrocity to them. But now they view these half

oriental cavalrymen with a sort of good willed admiration, comforting themselves with the thought that there were people who knew how to fight the Poles. All the Germans in this country are conservatives. It is the homeland of the Prussian Junkers. The peasantry and laborers are most submissive. There is no tendency toward Bolshevism here. Their sympathy for Russia is blind sentiment.

So there is hardly need to say that the Russians were received in a friendly way. Many of them spoke German, because they had been war prisoners in Germany for a long period. The tales they told were often pitiful. When I met men who were obviously peasants, I would ask why they had gone to war again. Their answer was frequently a tragic one. After years of absence they returned to their firesides to find no way in which they could make a living. Their cattle and horses had disappeared; their families had scattered no one knew whither; their farms were lying idle. For the time being there was no manner in which they could support themselves until their land began to produce again. Consequently, the war which they had cursed when called to the colors six years ago, they welcomed to-day as a deliverance.

So bitter is the hatred which the East Prussians cherish toward the Poles, that any aid or comfort given the latter is considered a personal offense. The French were regarded simply as scoundrels for interfering in the war against Russia. All sorts of stories were current regarding atrocities committed by France's black troops. Still, my best efforts failed to reveal any evidence that French forces had taken actual part in the campaign.

The antipathy for the French does not extend to other Entente countries. Englishmen, Italians, and Japanese are rather popular. There is no evi-

dence of hatred toward the Belgians. The Americans, as I see it, have deceived the Germans; and that is why they are not quite so popular as the English.

As I have just said I could not discover any case where French troops actually took part in the fighting. However there were other foreign forces. I met personally a Czech division, part of the Czech troops which fought with Kolchak against the Bolsheviks.

Hitherto I have been describing the most disorganized part of the Russian army. But I have seen things of quite a different sort. On Tuesday, August 23, the general headquarters of a Russian brigade crossed the frontier at Friedrichshof under pressure from the Poles, who had suddenly appeared at this point. These fugitives retained their unity and discipline to the last. I was present when the archives of the brigade were opened. They were carefully arranged in a great chest. Everything was in perfect order. There were files of telegraph and telephone orders, just such as we would find in case of western European armies. There was a complete inventory of the belongings of the brigade, notable for the absence of modern equipment and the feebleness of its artillery. The men were well registered. There was a complete medical record of the health of the troops. The pay roll was in good order.

So it is quite wrong to consider the Bolshevik army an undisciplined horde, or a sort of hit or miss organization, good in spots and bad in others. All the indications of weakness I observed were the natural results of the retreat, which in turn was due to unwise strategy, dictated perhaps by political motives. Even under these unfavorable conditions part of the army stood its ground valiantly. At Schwiddern a large portion of the Twelfth division

crossed the frontier on August 24. In spite of their defeat, they came over in perfect order. The most critical military expert would have been forced to admire the regularity of their ranks, the perfect arrangement of their columns, the carriage of the men, the discipline, and the splendid management. All these troops were well uniformed, with their equipment and horses in excellent condition in spite of 600 miles of marching. They were passing along a narrow highway as I drove past them in a carriage. But I had no difficulty in making my way. The line promptly detoured to give me room. A courteous reply met all my inquiries. The officers were much cast down by their reverse, but they were real gentlemen in every feature of their conduct. One thing is certain: Bolshevism no longer impairs the efficiency of the Russian army. Western Europe must not underestimate its power.

I discussed the causes of the Russian defeat with many officers in the Bolshevik encampments. My final impression was that it was inevitable. The Russian army was not a match for a fresh west European army. The character of the Russian victories proves this. The Poles were defeated by the superiority of the Russian cavalry. But the Great War has proved that the campaigns are not won by that arm of the service.

The Russians had plenty of aviators but no tanks, no gas masks, and but weak artillery. What the Poles mainly lacked was competent generals. Their officers came mostly from the old Austrian army. During the campaign skillful strategy and good cavalry were sure to win, because rapid and adroit manœuvres decided everything. The Poles had a few heavy tanks, but they were useless. When these advanced, the Russians merely detoured and let them pass. The Bolshevik Circassian

cavalry used to attack and capture isolated tanks as a sort of sport. Moreover the Polish aviation service was poor. They were not able to move their artillery promptly the great distances necessary to make it effective. So in equipment they were about on a par with the Russians, while they were inferior in numerical strength.

I have met detachments of Russian cavalry which have advanced more than 650 miles. From Moscow came the monotonously repeated order: 'Forward!' The advance guards were driven incessantly ahead, and lost contact with the infantry and with their own base of supply. Possibly Moscow was right. Its only chance of success may have been to bank on the panic it had created in the Polish army. But its forces were in no condition to conduct a siege or to attack a well-arranged front. The army was not composed of forces well adapted for assaulting a city like Warsaw. Troops were thrown in pell mell, just as they had been withdrawn from their fields of operation. The composition of the Bolshevik army is as follows: three companies make a battalion, three battalions a regiment, three regiments a brigade, three brigades a division. Some battalions were full; but there were also entire divisions which did not number more than 2000 rifles. The Fourth army, which operated along the German frontier, contained four divisions, while the Fifteenth and Seventeenth armies which operated next to it, had double its strength. The equipment of these troops was most varied. I personally saw Russian and French rifles, but most of all Japanese rifles. Probably there were still other kinds. Each type of rifle required a special kind of ammunition, and the supply service had to keep this constantly in mind. In spite of all precautions, however, companies armed

with French rifles would frequently get Japanese cartridges, and the reverse. I believe this single embarrassment contributed materially to the Bolshevik defeat.

One fact regarding the Russian army is a puzzle which no officer was able to explain; that is, the abundance of money among the troops themselves. Officers would say with a laugh that each soldier carried about 300,000 rubles in his knapsack. At Friedrichshof, one of the interned soldiers, a most pitiful specimen at that, had 700,000 rubles on his person. One explanation I heard of their wealth was that they sold their surplus provisions, with which they are abundantly supplied, to the population along the route at famine prices. I am also told that they sold provisions directly out of the commissary. Of course, this money is not worth much. The best rate the Germans give is a pfennig for a ruble. On that basis an American dollar would be worth 5000 rubles. The soldiers along the frontier spend their funds liberally. I saw one fugitive give a servant a 100 ruble note as a tip for bringing him a cup of coffee. The latter contemptuously left the note lying on the table.

However, the Russian government has better resources at its disposal than this worthless money. It pays for the supplies it is receiving from western Europe with gold; American dollars, English pounds. It apparently has an inexhaustible supply of these. The Germans and the people of the Baltic states readily accept the rubles of the Tsar. When a Polish mark was worth fifteen pfennigs, the Tsar ruble was worth seven times that amount. Its value is due to the fact that its holders are speculating on the future.

The Russians were greatly disappointed to find their own money practically worthless as soon as they crossed

the border into Germany. They sold anything they had; jewelry, and above all, horses and vehicles, to get ready money. Horses, in fact, have become a drug on the market. After all the stories I had heard of the scarcity of horses in Russia, I was astonished at the immense droves the Russians had with them.

While the loss of so much cavalry and equipment will be a severe blow to impoverished Russia, it is making the fortune of East Prussia. The authorities already have thousands of horses in their hands. These will help to pay the cost of feeding their involuntary guests.

AS THINGS GO IN RUSSIA

[*Moscow Pravda* (Bolshevist Official Daily), June 20]

1. Poltava Villages

BY DEGTYAREFF

THE western part of the government of Poltava, particularly the counties of Pereyaslav, Priluksk, Piryatinsk, and Zolotonosha, which I recently had occasion to visit, represent a territory, as yet untouched by political work. There are no newspapers here. Rumors are all one gets. The ideas about the Communists are most indefinite. For example, in the hamlet Chisteysheye a boy asks his mother:

'Mamma, how is it that you are not afraid to stay at home?'

'Why should I be afraid?'

'The Bolsheviks are coming.'

'And are n't you afraid of them?'

'They can't see me, because I am in the field all day and they are not there.'

In the village Baryshevka, when the Red army soldiers organized a 'Children's Day,' in one of the villages the mothers who sent their children to the fete were assured that 'the Communists will brand the children.'

How great was the astonishment of the mothers, when, instead of being branded, the children were treated to

games, music, a performance, tea with candy, and a bag of sugar each. The parents were thoroughly enraged at those who deceived them.

The agrarian law is not applied at all. In many counties it has been put away and not even read. The division of land proceeds on the principle of 'seizure.' In some places the poor peasants received land. In one village the landed estates were divided 'justly': those who had ten dessatines, received ten more; those who had two, received two more. But there are places where the poor peasants got nothing at all. In the village Lisiaki, the president of the local executive committee, who is a former police official, collects the taxes in home-made whiskey. In Pereyaslav the president of the revolutionary committee is a flour mill owner. Recently he decided to raise the charge for grinding the grain. Needless to say the extra money does not go into the public treasury. His case is now being investigated.

In the whole Pereyaslav county the agrarian law has not been read to the peasants at all.

The question of education has not been touched. There are old teachers everywhere. The tuition fee has not

been abolished, but even raised in some places.

In some villages there are even secondary schools. In Baryshevka the tuition fee is 1250 rubles in Kerensky money and seven poods of flour for each pupil. In Berezan it is 1000 rubles, one pood of flour, 10 poods of potatoes, and 10 poods of fat.

The pupils of the Borispolje gymnasium recently took part in an uprising in favor of Petljura's bandits.

The general attitude of the peasantry toward the Soviet authority is good, but, as I have said, politically there is no consciousness. In the village Kovalin, when our detachment of the Red army reached it, the peasants at first refused to give us any horses and wagons. But a day later, learning from a neighboring village that the Red army soldiers treat the population well, they called a meeting and made the following decision, which they communicated to us:

'To the commander of the troops of the Red army: We, the peasants of the village Kovalin, learning that you are the Red army, that is, the Soviet authority which we recognize and not the Commune, apologize for the disturbance that was created and have decided to give you the wagons in any number that you may need.' And they sent a special messenger to us with the wagons over a distance of 20 versts.

Once, when our detachment was in the village Erkovtsi, a peasant suddenly appeared, mounted on an unsaddled horse, and holding in his hands a letter addressed to the commander. This letter read as follows:

'To the commander of 174th Brigade: I beg to report that according to the information furnished by the peasants of the village Yachniki, a detachment of French, German, and Polish troops of unknown strength entered this morning the village of Rzhischev.

The Poles have built a camp and say that they will not go beyond the Dnieper, and that Petljura's troops will go instead of them. Please send your instructions.'

Under the letter was the signature of 'a citizen of the village of Devichki.'

This information proved to be exact. When this 'citizen' was found, he was directed to make up a peasant reconnoitering party, which he did inside of a half hour.

There is a great difference between the peasants of the governments of Kieff and Poltava. In the former there is banditism. The peasants there never asked: 'Is the Red army the Soviet authority?' The wagons were driven far away at the first sight of the approaching detachments of the Red army.

Here in Poltava it is different. When we began to dig trenches and asked the peasants to help us, they came willingly.

Thanks to our political work, we have been able to gather through voluntary contributions, 10,000 poods of bread, not to speak of buckets of milk and thousands of eggs gathered for us daily for the use of the sick and the wounded.

The attitude toward the Poles is hostile. The attitude toward Petljura is still indefinite. And this is because there has not been any political work.

In many places you feel the power of the 'kulak.' In Yagotin the workmen are driven out of the estates almost everywhere. The sugar refinery located there has been robbed several times. The peasants from the surrounding country would break in and take away the stocks of sugar and particularly of molasses, which they use for making home-made liquor. And the workmen are powerless to do anything, although it is most important for

them to keep those stocks for the purpose of exchanging them for grain.

The sugar refinery workmen are indeed crushed by the despotism of the 'kulak.' When I explained to them what the Soviet government was, they said it was the first time they had heard that the Communists were *for the workmen*.

All the peasants praise the Red army soldiers. 'We have never yet seen such Communists,' they say.

After my lecture at the village Baryshevka on the subject, 'Can Soviet authority exist without Communists?' the peasants said to me, 'Why did n't they come to us before?'

In many villages we have begun organizing Communist groups. In Berezah we already have thirty-eight candidates.

Concerning the work in gathering grain one can judge by the following: the Pereyaslav county was expected to yield 2,000,000 poods, but it has actually yielded 2000 poods. The local Communist organizations follow the principle, 'We are not to be touched either from above or below.' They cannot bear outside interference.

The 'collegial' system and 'democracy' are in complete operation. Here is a protocol of the Yagotin Communist group. In the order of the day are such questions as, 'Find the meeting place,' 'Find the means,' 'Concerning the piano taken from the theatre,' 'The hours of attendance at the Commissariat.' No doubt all those questions were decided after heated discussions.

One of the questions in the order of the day was marked, 'The current moment.' A report was presented by Comrade Klementieff, and the decision was, 'Make note of the report.'

An instructor was sent from the nearest centre, but after working for two months, he was asked by the com-

munity to take a vacation, and the following decision was adopted:

'Concerning the work of the party, Comrades Klementieff and Potapenka spoke at the meeting. In view of the fact that Comrade Drofa sent here from the Ouyezd centre has not done anything, but has merely disorganized the party, be it resolved that a Presidium be elected, from which productive work should be required.'

Perhaps, it was better so.

[*Moscow Pravda* (Bolshevist Official Daily), March 28]

II. A Moscow Factory

BY P. MEDVEDEFF

Chairman of the Factory Communist Party Club

OUR factory is located twenty versts from Moscow, at the station Podlipki. The number of men employed is twelve hundred, of whom only a few live in the vicinity. Most of them live in Moscow, and have to travel by railroad in order to reach the factory. The workers rise at six o'clock to catch the train, which leaves at seven thirty. When the movement of trains is very regular they return from work about seven o'clock at night. But usually they do not get back until eight or nine, or even later. Thus their working day lasts thirteen or fourteen hours and the men have no opportunity to visit theatres, meetings, councils, or lectures. Their condition is simply dreadful, for nearly all of them are on the point of exhaustion through long working hours and railroad travel.

It has been proposed several times to provide them with a special train, or at least special cars, for that would save them the necessity of fighting for their seats in the cars, and protect them from the danger of typhoid,

which is widespread among the workers of this factory.

Our workingmen have lived under these conditions since October, 1918, and it is clear that the effects are very injurious. But the men themselves are indifferent to everything, as was shown by the election for the factory committee and the Soviet. The Communist group consists of only thirty-five men.

The question of food is very acute. Efforts made to get for the workmen of this factory the same ration as in the Red army, to which they are undoubtedly entitled since they are working on ammunition, have not brought any results. Because of this their output not only does not increase, but is actually falling off.

The factory has been evacuated and reëvacuated several times. Much of the machinery and equipment is even now left in the open field and is covered with snow. Everything rusts away and only a small part has been set up and is working. Such pictures affect the psychology of the workmen,

who grow indifferent to their work when they see such valuable materials going to ruin. Refusal to report for work and thefts grow very rapidly. The workmen run away from the factory, and the question has been raised as to whether it would not be best to shut down the factory altogether. The workmen ask that they be shifted to other factories where they will be more useful, but in vain.

We hear with pleasure how in other places workmen have voluntarily increased the number of hours in order to increase production. But with us, more than half of our long working day is spent in railroad riding.

There is of course a way out of this difficulty. It is necessary to move the workmen to the vicinity of the factory. . . . Then we would be able to keep the skilled workmen from running away. The authorities should pay serious attention to the condition of our factory, and take the necessary measures to make it an efficient establishment.

[*Der Tag* (Berlin Conservative Daily), September 17]

A JUNGLE DEFEAT

BY CAPTAIN DETZNER

[Captain Detzner was engaged in a successful exploring expedition in the unknown interior of New Guinea when the war surprised him in the midst of his labors, and he was forced by the Australian expedition against the colony to take refuge in a Robinson Crusoe existence in the jungle. Repeated attempts to reach the neutral Dutch end of the island led him farther and farther into the wilderness, and gave him ample opportunity for geographical and ethnographical investigations. Detzner's reports of his new discoveries and countless adventures has just been published under the title of *Four Years Among Cannibals*. The following article is an extract from this book, describing his defeat in a second effort to reach Holland territory.]

I WAS utterly beaten. No choice lay but to turn back. The endurance of my colored soldiers and bearers had been strained to the utmost, and would barely suffice to get them back to their native villages. So it was out of the question to attempt to pierce the three hundred miles of jungle which still separated us from the Holland border. Nothing is more terrible for a Melanesian or a Papuan than to die away from his village, in a far country where his soul will never find rest, remote from his relatives, who watch over him to his last breath and whose presence, he believes, is required to help him enter the world of spirits.

Nor will I conceal the fact that the constantly repeated comments of my companions, who kept saying in their feverish, rambling way: 'Master, I think fight by and by finished. Germans now strong belong English' (the war is over and the Germans have won), had at length influenced my own state of mind. I pondered more and more on the possibility that I was wandering about here aimlessly and uselessly in the high New Guinea mountains, while the world perhaps had been at peace for months; and that

if that were so, I had better be down on the coast than in these hitherto unexplored inland regions. I still recall the fearful impression which the thought made upon me when I first learned of the war, late in November, 1914, that my people at home had been fighting for their lives while I was roaming care free through the jungle. So it began to seem madness for me to continue wandering for months in a desperate effort to get to the Dutch possessions, when such an enterprise might be no longer necessary — when my fellow countrymen on the coast were perhaps already at peace, and far more profitable tasks were at hand for me to undertake.

During their last previous period of repose my soldiers and bearers had recovered their good humor, and had again boasted of their exploits and the incidents of our long pilgrimage, with all the fanciful exaggeration and exaltation of which the colored race's imagination is capable. But at this rest camp, for which I had selected a large native stockade on the northern slope of the Bismarck Range, at about five thousand feet elevation above the sea, no such revival of spirits had occurred.

The native villagers here were of the same race as those on the south side of the mountains. They fled at our approach, taking refuge in the forests. However, after three days they responded to our constant calls and gestures by coming with palm branches as a sign of peace. We bartered our last tools with them for provisions, obtaining marching rations for three days on our way back. Over there, south of the Summit Range, was drought and famine. Here, in the little valleys which cut the Ramu plateau we found, if not an abundance — for there is never an abundance in New Guinea — at least a normal harvest. What a constant succession of contrasts this peculiar land presents!

However, an ample supply of their favorite yams did not avail on this occasion to restore the spirits of my men. Our failure at the very middle of our journey discouraged them as much as it did me. Although I kept calling their attention to my own incapacity, to the lacerated scalp, and the open infected wounds which made my nights sleepless — for even the weight of the lightest coverlet caused intense pain — they kept insisting that our failure to reach our goal was due solely to their own weakness and discouragement, for which they constantly condemned themselves. They even ceased to repeat their consoling assurance: 'Master, em true I think big-fellow fight long time finished' (the big war was certainly finished long ago). Even a fat village pig which I got for them failed to satisfy their longing for the white man's lard they prize so highly. It was really touching to see how some would try to encourage their despairing comrades, although their own voices betrayed no echo of hope: 'By and by me try em more.' They knew as well as I did that they could not make good their word.

Personally I found some comfort during these discouraging days in writing up the notes of my route, finishing my sketches of the scenery, and recording altitudes and other data. It was not an easy matter to do this with the improvised materials at hand; the sextant which I had graduated with my own hands, the pitiful little area scale which I had toilsomely drawn from a two-millimetre square, the lineal scale divided into centimetres, which I made and graduated myself laboriously in the forest. I had no tools to speak of, except two pair of compasses; one with a broken point and the other with a bent arm. It was a difficult task to decipher my own records from the soiled little mission school copybook, weathered by rain and hail and dew, which served me as a route book. Sometimes I lost heart entirely, and would sit staring into the distance hopelessly for hours. Then my thoughts would go back to the splendid stock of supplies I had been forced to burn when the news of the war reached me in November, 1914. That stock included one hundred and fifty bags of rice. A tenth of that quantity would now make us independent of supplies procured from the natives, and enable us to choose our route of march freely. Then our enemies would not discover through the drum signals of Papua what our movements were. We could advance rapidly and directly, and our three months' expedition, just coming to a close, would have already brought us to the immediate neighborhood of a neutral country.

Now that I had time to compute the distances we had marched from day to day, I realized for the first time how little progress we had really made; how much time had been employed in halting to procure provisions, in negotiating with villagers, and in seeking rest

camps where we could spend a few days bartering for the supplies to help us over the next stage of the journey. In a march of nearly six hundred miles, only two fifths had been in the direction of our destination. Most of our detours had been in search of food. Three kilograms per capita is the normal daily ration of vegetables and fruits in the coastal districts. But the thin air and the cold climate of the mountain regions, added to the greater exertion of traveling through that rugged country, made it necessary to add at least one kilogram to this quantity. Most men could not carry more than twelve kilograms of food in addition to their guns, ammunition, blankets and clothing, and the little trifles from which they could not be parted. A pack of from fifteen to seventeen kilograms was a good load in this country. Indeed it was almost more than we could carry on the more precipitous trails. Consequently we were not able to make more than three or four days' march at a time, while living on the country. We were still further delayed by the fact that the natives would not come up to us from the lower lands at all, or would only travel in the best of weather, so that we had to either descend into the valleys ourselves and gather up our provisions, or wait for days for them to be brought to us.

In addition we were all exhausted by illness and privation, and by the bites of venomous insects. The Hagen Range ahead of us remained to be conquered. Beyond it lay the Sepic lowlands, more than one hundred and twenty miles away.

Was it any consolation that I had again penetrated deeply into this

mountain region, where no white man had ever been before, and had passed the one hundred and forty-fifth meridian, where I was halted two years previously by the news of the war? Did I feel any gratification at my discovery that the Bismarck Range and its continuation, the Hagen Range, was the centre of the great watershed which formed the backbone of the island? For the northern tributaries of Purari River do not begin, as the English maps show, in the neighborhood of the Anglo-German boundary, or in a parallel range elevation south of the Bismarck Range, but here on the southern declivities of the Bismarck Range itself. Did it give me further satisfaction to have discovered that this high mountain country was not an uninhabited, uncultivated region, but that its valleys were well populated and tilled, and that the Semetic-Papua type continues in these high altitudes, indicating that it is the preponderant racial element throughout the German section of the island? Did I derive an enjoyment from the fact of my exceptional opportunity to study the whole orography of New Guinea and to prove beyond question that the highest elevations in the former German regions are the Saruwaged, and that only there do we find plateau-like *mesas* and lakes, while the centre watershed, so far as it lies in the former German territory, is a rather narrow line of granite Sierras, whose highest elevation does not exceed twelve thousand feet above the sea? No, my geographical discoveries were no consolation at that moment. I was mastered entirely by the feeling of defeat, and by torment of soul over the uncertain fate of my country.

[*Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Conservative Liberal Daily), September 18]
ENGLAND AND JAPAN

BY J. P. T.

As I write from Tokyo in July, public interest is centred in the recent arrival of Sir Charles Eliot, the new ambassador of Great Britain to Japan. His first public announcement was awaited with unusual interest. To be sure, he is an old resident of the Orient, well known in Japan, who has written a book in which he has said many pleasant things about that country. However, the lively discussion in the press of Great Britain, the British Colonies, and the United States over the renewal or extension of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and the questions thus raised regarding the past and future relations between the two countries and between them and other Powers — particularly China and America — had placed the public on the *qui vive*. People anticipated at least a quasi-official statement of the views, wishes, and hopes of Great Britain from the new diplomat. Furthermore, there are many other questions affecting the two countries awaiting solution, which if neglected threaten to disturb the future friendliness of the two nations.

Occasional reference to the latter questions could not be entirely suppressed during the war, although the British government kept a firm control over its press in order that nothing might be said likely to excite the resentment of its ally. Many a sour grape was extolled for its sweetness. Profound calm reigned in the Embassy at Tokyo. Since the retirement of Sir Claude Macdonald, no man of emi-

nence had occupied this diplomatic post until Sir Charles' arrival.

He has come with the reputation of a man of the first rank, and is expected to maintain the best traditions of British diplomacy in the Orient. His whole life and labor have hitherto been devoted to promoting the fame and influence of Great Britain there.

Now Sir Charles Eliot has spoken, but his words were a disappointment — indeed a bitter one for those who expected something new, some prelude or premonitory accord for a new act in the political drama, some premonition of the new political ideals which are to reform the relations of governments and peoples. His opportunity to do so was exceptional, because his remarks on his reception to his new post would not necessarily have a strictly official character. At the same time, many dignitaries of high rank and many influential organizations were present. There were the British Society, and Princes, Cabinet Ministers, Diplomats, and high military officers. The Ambassador said:

I feel toward Japan not only sympathy, but deep gratitude. I spent most of the war period in our colony of Hongkong, and appreciated for that reason, perhaps better than my fellow-countrymen in Europe, the importance of Japan's help in the war. I shuddered at the thought of what might have happened to our colonies of Hongkong and Singapore without the assistance of the Japanese navy, which drove the German fleet from these waters.

Nothing more! The English press made no reference to the incident.

We have no further comment to make except to record the words themselves in order that they may not be forgotten; for the day will come when we can use them.

The English press did not report the ambassador's remarks, but in other ways it has not been reticent in discussing relations with Japan. It has dealt with Oriental questions with more frankness than with domestic questions; and, indeed, has discussed them with greater freedom than before the war. Japanese newspapers are likewise open in their allusions to the outspoken hostility shown by Englishmen in China — all the way from the ambassador down to private merchants — toward Japan. They point out that this irreconcilable conflict of sentiment is primarily responsible for preventing an agreement with Peking and a settlement of the Chinese question. They ascribe much of the hostility to Japan shown by the Americans in China to English influence, although the interests of Americans and Englishmen in China do not by any means run parallel. The fundamental feature of the situation is that Japan will be satisfied with only one solution of the China problem: the recognition and practical realization of its unqualified precedence and supremacy in the Orient — something resembling in its political and economic aspects a Monroe Doctrine for the Far East. It is not within our province to discuss the rights and wrongs of such a policy. We can afford to leave that controversy for the time being to the English and the Americans, who are apparently determined to have it settled in the near future.

Officially, Japan seeks an early decision of the Tsingtao dispute. China seeks delay. In January, 1920, immediately after the Peace Treaty with Germany went into effect and German

rights and interests in Shantung were thereby transferred to the possession of Japan, that country endeavored to open direct negotiations with the Chinese government regarding the final disposition of Shantung, and requested the Chinese government to provide protection for the railway line in order that Japanese troops might be withdrawn. China refused to enter negotiations, on the ground that its government was not a party to the Peace Treaty. That government proposed, however, to provide for the protection of the railway without thereby prejudicing its claim for the unconditional return of Shantung.

We will now present below the English attitude toward this question — not, indeed, the official London attitude, but that of the British Chamber of Commerce in Tsingtao, whose memorandum on the subject is unconditionally endorsed by every other British commercial body in China, and probably represents the practically unanimous sentiment of the English residents of that country. Tsingtao is an index of the true feeling with which the Japanese and English regard each other in the Orient:

The Tsingtao question has now reached a point where its speedy settlement has become a necessity. China must choose between direct negotiation with Japan or submitting the whole matter to the League of Nations.

In the first case, the interests of all other powers will probably be completely ignored. In the second case, the League of Nations will doubtless take into consideration the old established rights which England and other governments have acquired by sixty years of commercial dealings in Tsingtao, and have confirmed by treaty. In other words, we shall have in the second case a real international settlement. Believing as we do that the time for such a settlement has come, the members of the British Chamber of Commerce at Tsingtao consider it right and proper to set forth in a formal way what, in their opinion, will be a just solution of this question; that is, a solution which will respect the sovereign rights of China and

simultaneously guarantee to all other countries equal political and commercial rights and privileges in Tsingtao. . . If Tsingtao is to be restored to Chinese sovereignty, the first step in that direction will be to place the harbor, docks, shipyards, and Custom House under Chinese control. Unless that occurs, a promise to restore the province is worthless. From this it follows that due regard for the long established commercial interests of other countries in Tsingtao makes it imperative that that port should enjoy precisely the same status as any other port in China. The authorities controlling the harbors, docks, shipyards, and customs collections must be the Maritime Customs Office, or more specifically, the usual branch of the Chinese Maritime Customs Service. The appointment of customs officials must be unconditionally in the hands of the General Customs Inspector in Peking. If that officer should disregard the interests of any individual nation in making such appointments, that nation should have recourse to diplomatic measures at Peking. If the leased territories are restored thus unconditionally to China, the present military government would *ipso facto* cease to exist, and this raises the question as to what kind of a civil administration should take its place. Several possibilities present themselves. The only proper solution from the point of view of British interest in China is the establishment of a municipal administration with elected advisers and a permanent official staff, such as exists at present at Shanghai and other treaty ports; but with this addition, that the Chinese residents of Tsingtao shall have the right to vote and to serve in the advisory assembly. The private law of Tsingtao should be the private law of China, subject to the guarantee of extra territorial special rights so long as such rights are in force in other parts of the country. The Railway presents a difficult problem susceptible of several solutions. But it is obvious that it would be incompatible with Chinese sovereignty for the railway to become practically foreign territory with foreign military garrisons and police, especially since the docks and wharves of Tsingtao are controlled through the railway. It should at least be insisted that the docks and wharves be placed under the Chinese

Maritime Customs Office, that all foreign troops be withdrawn, and that Chinese police replace the present military constabulary.

The memorandum contains the further suggestion that the whole matter be referred to a commission appointed by the League of Nations, to consist of representatives of China, Japan, England, the United States, and France. Commenting upon this memorandum, an English newspaper published in Japan says:

In many ways Japan demands more, even after its ostensible evacuation, than Germany ever demanded. China did not like to have the Germans in Tsingtao, but it preferred them greatly to the Japanese. This was not race prejudice. Germans were less dangerous politically. They occupied the territory sixteen years without making a single new demand. The Japanese had been there scarcely six weeks before they made twenty-one demands. That is the difference seen from the Chinese standpoint.

Do people in Germany have the slightest realization of the storm clouds hanging over the countries bordering on the Pacific? Do we see how they are mounting blacker and more threatening every moment? Old controversies were kept in the background during the war, and smoothed over for the time with all sorts of temporizing compromises and professions of friendship. But now all these conflicts of political, economic, and race interests have come to the fore accentuated by their long repression. The negotiations and agreements at Paris, and subsequently, have done nothing to allay the concern of our diplomats. Quite the contrary.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

LE MOT JUSTE

WE are publishing in this number extracts from an article by Paul Bourget on Prosper Mérimée which appeared recently in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. We regret that space is not available to print the article in its entirety; enough, however, is given to illustrate the clarity and distinction of good French literary criticism. We are often conscious of the fact that in our translations the value of the French epithet is lost, the *nuance* of the author becomes a loose generalization, a relative becomes a positive. This is especially true of the translation of French criticism where a nice precision of meaning is the writer's first preoccupation. For our failures to do justice to M. Bourget's criticisms we apologize, noting as an extenuating circumstance the extreme difficulty of translating the precise, exact, and limited values of French terms into so loose and inexact a medium as English.

The French have usually just one word which expresses completely a certain value, whereas we have half a dozen or more which express approximately the same thing in different ways. The Frenchman calls his satisfactory term — *le mot juste*, and is proud of the clarity of his language. We solace ourselves with the reflection that our language — if inexact — is incomparably rich and varied. 'Here is God's plenty,' we can say on first looking into an English dictionary. Max Beerbohm wrote in a recent essay — 'By its very looseness, by its way of evoking rather than defining,

suggesting rather than saying, English is a magnificent vehicle for emotional poetry. But foreigners don't much want to say beautiful, haunting things to us; they want to be told what limits there are, if any, to the power of the Lord Mayor; and our rambling endeavors to explain do but bemuse and annoy them.' This is altogether true. Our wealth of words is an embarrassment of riches; our chief difficulty, as far as clarity is concerned, arises from the necessity of choosing from a number of words whose connotations are only vaguely defined, the one which seems to fit the case. Usually we take no such trouble, and use the most familiar, without asking ourselves what it means.

One can nearly always destroy a discussion on Capital and Labor, for example, by leveling an accusing forefinger at the most fluent debator and asking — 'What, exactly, do you mean by Capital? And how do you define Labor?' While he wallows in his incoherence one can leave the room. This has saved us many a headache. The *Times Literary Supplement* has had a vast amount of correspondence lately from learned linguists as to what it meant by the term 'the State.' Once a smoking-room orator introduces 'the State' you can kick over the apple cart of his eloquence by merely asking him to define his conception of that word.

The *London Spectator*, in its issue of September 25, devotes a page or so to a tract issued by the 'Society for Pure English,' which organization it refers

to as 'A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Words.' It is a worthy aim. Ours is a beautiful language, but in our wanton humor we knock it down and kick it and drag it around by the hair. We ask too much of our words; we give them cruel and unusual punishment.

'They do these things better in France,' said Sterne. There the Academy looks at a word from all sides, investigates its pedigree, its morals, the company it keeps, and decides if it is respectable, and French, or not. We have our lexicographers of greater or less reputation, but our language is too vital, too fluid to be confined in books. By the time that a group of learned Thebans have published the seventeenth volume of the new dictionary, 'Flob to Frit,' they really ought to begin again with 'A to Abracadabra,' as several thousand new words beginning with A have been, in the interval, filched from foreigners, manufactured by American advertisement writers, or evolved from half or wholly dead languages by scientific gentlemen. In addition, vast numbers of words have become obscure, obscene, or obsolete; they have had their vogue and quietly died.

It is too much to expect a metaphysical definition of every word we use. We must treat them as common coin, but we ought to know their values. Were it not for the fact that Purists as a class cause us to suffer from a shooting pain, we should be glad to join the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Words. But we should certainly quarrel with our fellow members. In the meantime we try to translate with as little lost thought as possible, trusting that our readers will gently scan their brother man, and that, realizing the excellencies of M. Bourget's admirable article, they will read it in the original.

MR. VACHEL LINDSAY is interpreting America to England. A writer in the *Morning Post* of September 29th treats his interpretation with courtesy and restraint:

'There is nothing particularly poetic about the personal appearance of Mr. Vachel Lindsay, the man whom that velvet-tongued, star-entranced songster, Mr. W. B. Yeats, hailed as America's premier poet of the day, and whose blithe "helter-skelter symphonies, full of gusts of orchestral color," have crashed and thundered their way, like jazz bandstorms, into the gaping hearts of America's democratic millions. Mr. Lindsay, in a crowd, might be mistaken for a city clerk. But a stumpy, energetic figure, close-cropped, fair hair, bulging temples, and gray-blue eyes that are those of a fighter rather than of a mystic, betoken one who has met life in the wildest of its guises and been undismayed by them, and it is not surprising to learn from his own lips that he has journeyed with the roving laborers west of the Mississippi, "distributing rhymes for bread," and learning how to give voice to the inarticulate desert spirits of Kansas, that vast "Arabia" of the Western Continent.

'The lecture room at the new offices of the English-speaking Union in Trafalgar Buildings was crowded yesterday afternoon at the first of the Union's autumn series of receptions, when Mr. Lindsay gave what he was pleased to call "A Tour through America in verse." But it was difficult for him to get away from his beloved Kansas, and from the haunts of Abraham Lincoln, whose ardent patriotism is reflected in every song this "honored townsman" of his has sung. Like Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Lindsay throws out his chin and chants into the wide heaven above him, fearless

and unashamed of the truth that he has proven and attempts to express. He was at his best in a recital of "The Santa Fé Trail," a noise picture of the motor road to Kansas from the great cities of the East, where the quality of men's souls are reflected in the tone of their motor-hooters:

'On through the ranges the prairie dog tills,
Scooting past the cattle on the thousand hills. . . .
Ho! for the tear-hour, scare-hour, dare-hour.
Ho! for the gay-horn, bark-horn, bay-horn.
Ho! for Kansas, land that restores us.
When houses choke us and great books bore us.'

THE chief pleasure to be derived from an amateur theatrical performance is the almost certain anticipation that the curtain will fall or rise prematurely, that Caesar's corpse will be revealed smoking a cigarette. And to the hardened scoffer an open air Shakesperian production or other worthy effort holds little promise of comfort save in its unintentional by-products. Who has not drowsed through Mr. Ben Greet's booming rhetoric in the fond hope that, as he skipped around, his wig would fall off or his classic sock come down? Incidentally in Mr. Ben Greet's company there were always Thespians with funny legs, which was a pleasant thing to see. But we shall always share Mr. Hannen Swaffer's regret, who writes in the *Sunday Times* of September 26, regarding the latest effort of that aesthetic actor:

'I regret, as a long and tried friend of America and Americans, having missed the first night of Ben Greet's production of *The Mayflower* at the Surrey Theatre last Monday night.

'The play had been heralded by all sorts of trumpeting, including a statement that the English-speaking Union, the American Luncheon Club, the Anglo-American Society, the American Club, and the American Bar at the

Savoy Hotel were sending down deputations. But nothing so interesting could have been foreseen as the late arrival of one Pilgrim Father when the *Mayflower* was just starting out from Plymouth Harbor. He scrambled up the ship's side so hastily, in order to make certain that he would reach America before the war, that the ship capsized and all on board were precipitated underneath the waves just as they were singing "The Old Hundredth."

'Unfortunately for the success of the play, the late arrival was told to be on the dock earlier next trip. I am told the play has never been so good since. On Tuesday I met all sorts of Americans who were screaming with laughter as they were buying cocktails which the Pilgrim Fathers would not allow them in America. With great enjoyment they tried to realize what sort of America it would be if the Pilgrim Fathers had never reached there — no Douglas Fairbanks, no Mary Pickford, no Charlie Chaplin.

'I am very sorry for Mr. Ben Greet, who has been a friend of America — at least he has acted there for a good many years — but I am sure that if he had staged every night the sinking of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Pilgrim Mothers, that great stage fortune which is the legitimate reward of all earnest Shakespearean students would not have been denied him.'

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT 'started something' when he published *Our Women*, the latest contribution to feminist literature. Mr. Bennett treats his subject with humor and good nature. He is not at all the ponderous critic or eulogist of the sex. He does not say, as one of his reviewers does in the *Daily Telegraph*: Woman 'knows that nature has given her the most important and solemn

function of supplying the state with citizens'—words which might have been written by almost any presidential candidate. Rather he begins his exposition as follows: 'Discord exists between the sexes. It has always existed and it always will. . . . The sex-discord may be the most exasperating thing in existence, but it is by general agreement the most delightful and the most interesting.' From this hopeful beginning he develops his estimate of women and their future place in life. But the solemn crew of feminist reviewers are hot on his heels, and it is entirely possible that he will regret the rash courage which led him to approach so controversial a subject.

OTHER new books prominent in the London reviews include Mr. Hugh Walpole's latest novel, *The Captives*, and the collection of memories of Sir Herbert Tree, edited by his brother, Max Beerbohm.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the *Times* concerning German theatrical affairs, as follows:

'A bitter war has been waged just lately between the critics and the new school of dramatists. When producers revealed themselves as shy of experimental ventures, even though the revolution had turned all accepted canons in every direction topsy-turvy, the league known as "Young Germany" was called into being. "Young Germany" not only produced plays that would otherwise never have seen the light of day; it gave youthful actors a chance to prove their mettle in parts that would not have been theirs within the ordinary course of events for many years to come. It is the proud claim of the leader of the movement that no drama of any promise written within the last three

years has been denied a chance of success.

'After a brave fight against overwhelming expenses, the League has ceased to exist this week. From henceforward the repertoire theatres of Berlin will be left to produce Shakespeare, Strindberg, Ibsen, and Tolstoi at their own sweet will, with no première of a modern German playwright of much promise, but no experience, to break the monotony. The young actors to whom the same terms apply will be forced to work their way through the severe school of such a theatre and give up the brilliant hopes of sudden and spectacular success.

'Unquestionably, the most gifted of the group of writers whose work has been produced under these conditions is Walter Hasenclever, whose drama, *The Son*, is one of the few that have been accepted by ordinary canons and included in this season's repertory of Reinhardt's "Deutsches Theatre." Those who set out to watch Hasenclever's career have been rewarded by seeing his efforts at eliminating superfluities culminate in a drama written in the form of a film scenario. His fellow stylists, though also most attracted by the revolutionary problems affecting family life, have not disdained historical drama in a brave attempt to rise above the questions of the hour. Long plays, *Alexander the Great* and *Emperor Charles the Fifth*, have also been produced by "Young Germany," and the heroes played by boys barely out of their teens.

'In contrast to this is the extremely modern drama, set in the interior of a Dreadnought, where men, numbered in the caste, but not named, speculate upon the benefits of mutiny shortly before being blown up. The playwrights born of the revolution took indeed all nature for their province.'

[*Revue des Deux Mondes* (Liberal Literary Bi-Monthly), September 15]
PROSPER MÉRIMÉE, WRITER OF STORIES

BY PAUL BOURGET

IN his well-known essay, *H. B., par un des Quarante*, Mérimée says that Beyle quoted with admiration a phrase, I think of Metternich's: 'Bad taste leads to crime.' This apparently trivial paradox includes the thought that literature and man can not be separated. The law of the interdependence of organs is as true in psychology as it is in physiology. In a sense, every rhetorical expression is an expression of character. A writer's work, if we know how to read it, will show us the most intimate details of his personality, more clearly than anecdotes — all more or less distorted by the narrator — or than memoirs, too often affected by forgetfulness or self glorification, or than his letters. The phrase 'epistolary commerce' is a true one; a letter is a kind of exchange in which the sender adapts himself to the character of the receiver. One of the errors of modern criticism is to have given too much importance to these documents. The real truth of a literary artist reveals itself in the motives which make him choose a certain medium, a certain style to express himself. It may be objected that a desire for success will influence an artist, but that fact, in itself, is a guide to his character; we can distinguish, for example, between a Chateaubriand, highly talented but spoiled by his sense of the audience and a Stendhal, in love with truth, and quite incapable of adapting himself to public taste. Besides, even in his searching for success, the artist seeks a medium where his particular gifts will have full expression.

Mérimée's case illustrates very well, I think, the reflections suggested by the paradox of his master. We have no trustworthy guides to his personality except his works, and although he was one of those writers who systematically hide themselves behind their creations, we could reconstruct from his writings the essential qualities of his character. This year is the fiftieth anniversary of his death and many of us will read again some of his vigorous stories, *Colomba*, *Carmen*, *le Vase Etrusque*, *Tamango*, *la Venus d'Ille*, *Matteo Falcone*, *l'Enlèvement de la Redoute*. If Mérimée was never extravagantly popular with the public, at least he never suffered that ebb and flow of popular opinion which carried too high and then too low — before their true level was ascertained — such writers as Chateaubriand and Lamartine, Balzac and George Sand. We would sum up Mérimée to-day about as Musset and Sainte Beuve did, or as Balzac who defined him as a 'great talent, with,' as he added keenly, 'something acute, almost sly about him.' Taine, about 1875, in the preface to the *Lettres à l'Inconnue*, remarked already the stability of Mérimée's reputation.

The reason lies, I think, in the complete accord of the writer with his work; it is not only his intellectual expression, but the expression of his character, of his most intimate and secret personality. This fundamental identity of the artist and his creation gives the impression of a perfect, an absolute coöordination and employ-

ment of all the faculties of the artist. His compositions remain a living organism to which you can add nothing and from which you may take nothing away.

Such a success is not a matter of chance. It implies naturally an artist of superior personality, and also—I come back to my original thesis—the choice of a medium thoroughly adapted to that personality. Mérimée of the stories—his true glory is as a story-teller—fulfills both conditions. If we study the man as he is authentically described, and if we recall the laws of the specialized art of the story, we will clearly perceive why the author of *Matteo Falcone* chose that medium, why he excelled in it, his originality as a writer of stories, and his limitations.

It has been a commonplace to say that Mérimée was dominated from his youth by the fear of being deceived. His motto 'Remember to Distrust' has been frequently quoted, not always with the correct implication. . . . This motto is the device of a highly strung man who was frightened, when still very young, by the violence of his own emotions. It is himself he distrusts and not others. We find this admission in the clearly autobiographical pages he devotes to Saint Clair, his moral twin, in the *Vase Etrusque*. He shows him to us reserved, taciturn, 'hiding from others the emotions of his too sensitive soul.' And he adds: 'In stifling his emotions he made them a hundred times more cruel. The world knew him as a hard and thoughtless man, but in his solitude his uneasy imagination created torments for him, more frightful than he could possibly have confessed to anyone.' As Mérimée was a writer who valued his words accurately and delicately, the painful intensity of such words as *cruel emotions, torments, frightful* shows the nature of his confession. 'At the age

when one receives enduring impressions his sensitiveness was ridiculed by his comrades. He was proud and studied how to hide all expressions of what he felt to be a shameful weakness.' Saint Clair assumes a mask of coldness. His distrust is a defensive measure. Knowing that he can be too easily wounded, he tries to protect himself from word and look. Mérimée has described himself, a sensitive, emotional man, self-repressed.

To distrust your own sensitiveness always means to distrust to a greater or less degree Life in general. Mérimée grew up among impressions which accentuated his natural tendency to pessimism. Born in 1803, ten years after the Terror had covered France with blood, he was brought up among survivors of those dreadful days. His parents had known intimately some of the victims and talked about them with their friends. Tragedies of private life which, for us, are confused in the immense collective tragedy, stayed in their memories as individual sorrows which they had witnessed. War was everywhere, culminating when Mérimée was thirteen years old, in disaster and invasion. Contemporary memoirs tell us what kind of stories were told by veterans of the Grande Armée between campaigns, the stubborn battles in Prussia, Spain, and its ambushes and savagery, Russia and the terrible retreat. A chronicle of heroism and death, more exalted but no less bloody than that of the Revolution. In the *Partie de Trictrac*, in the opening chapters of *Colomba*, and especially in *l'Enlèvement de la Redoute* we find the proof that the boy to whom these tales were told received a profound and lasting impression. We see in Mérimée's moral constitution two strongly marked traits—admiration of energy and an acute sense of the latent ferocity of the human ani-

mal. To these characteristics and to his repressed emotionalism we must add another quality — a radical atheism such as the survivors of the Encyclopedic philosophy of the eighteenth century professed and taught.

These remarks seem quite foreign to the purely professional question — why did Mérimée definitely specialize in the story as against other forms of literature and excel in it — but they will perhaps help us to answer it. Let us begin by admitting that he had the natural, innate gift of story-telling, the *Lust zum fabulieren* as Goethe said. But we have noted in Mérimée the habit of repressing his emotions, and we can suppose that such a habit induced the practice of control of all his expansive faculties. Evidently he was no lover of expansion either in a story-teller or in other artists. As a poet he would have chosen the concise rigor of the sonnet, as a dramatist, the one-act play, as a story-teller he found in the short story an adequate expression of his customary attitude of repression. He derived the same satisfaction from condensing his narration that a Walter Scott or a Dumas found in expanding their own. I do not mean that he boiled down a novel plot. The story is not, in any sense, a short novel. If you will take a masterpiece in each medium, *Matteo Falcone*, for example, and *la Cousine Bette*, and try in imagination to lengthen one and shorten the other, you will realize how such a process denatures the original. The matter of each is too different; in the story it is an episode, in the novel a series of episodes. The episode which the story describes must be detached, isolated, while the novel, whose effect lies in the continuity, the culmination of episodes, must unite them together. It works by development, the story by concentration. Single episodes in a novel may be very slight, almost in-

significant, as in *Madame Bovary* and *l'Education Sentimentale*, but the episode treated in a story must be intensely significant. The novel permits and can command a diversity of tone and color. The genial and vulgar figure of Creval in *La Cousine Bette* is contrasted with the bitter cruelty of the poor mother. The story demands a unity of tone, a few touches perhaps, but ones which work for a single effect. To borrow a comparison from another art, the story is a solo and the novel a symphony. There are some great writers, like Balzac, who excel in both mediums. But in Mérimée's case the habit of repression and control which trained him for the short, vigorous, condensed form of the story, made him incapable of the sustained power necessary for the novel; his art was not epic, and the novel is only the transformation or, if you prefer, the degeneration of the epic poem.

He tried it once in the *Chronique du Règne de Charles IX*, and failed. The book, which is not long, barely two hundred and fifty pages, contains some remarkable extracts, but as a whole it does not succeed. It lacks a central figure, perspective, action, and — strangely enough in a work by the author of *Colomba* — composition. He never tried again. Apropos of *Colomba*, that tragedy of Corsican vendetta could very well have been treated as a novel. It would have sufficed to give the episode of the assassination of Colonel Della Rebbia a value equal to that of his son's return, and to insert between the two episodes, the analyses of the sentiments of the son and of his sister. Mérimée sedulously avoided this treatment and subordinated everything to the episode of the son's return. That is the way to treat the material in a story. *Carmen*, the most typical of his productions, is one hundred pages long; *La Double Meprise* is shorter,

Tamango forty pages, *Matteo Falcone* less than thirty, and *l'Enlèvement de la Redoute* only eleven. But these quick stories are so striking, so dramatic, so rich in observation, that they make a stronger impression on the reader than whole volumes.

All of these stories are tragic. *Colomba* is the history of a murder revenged by two others. The hero of *Carmen*, Jose Navarro, is a bandit who stabs his mistress. Matteo Falcone shoots his own son; Tamango, an African chief, brings about a revolt of the slaves on board a slave ship: the crew is massacred, and then the victors die of starvation on board the ship they cannot navigate. *La Double Meprise* and *le Vase Etrusque* are laid in Paris but the plot is no less tragic. . . . I noted as a law of the story, the intensity of the episode. In choosing as his episodes tragedies of violence, Mérimée obeyed this law and fulfilled the characteristics developed in him by his education, as I tried to show, love of energy, and a cruel estimate of human life. . . .

Mérimée's obvious contempt for civilized persons and his weakness for rougher human types, nearer to primitive animalism, is explained by his wish to portray strongly characterized individuals. He sought them in countries which orthodox sociology regards as backward, where the race has not been disciplined and policed into a dead level of uniformity, such as Andalusia, Navarre, Greece, and Asia Minor. If his scene is laid in a more civilized setting, he hardly ever fails to introduce a reference to those half wild, barbaric countries, which he loves, such as the words of Théodore Néville on his return from Egypt in the luncheon scene of the *Vase Etrusque*, or the adventure of Darsy at Lanaca in the *Double Meprise*. The influence of Lord Byron, whose pres-

tige affected so many young Frenchmen of the period is reflected in this romantic liking for the outlaw of Spain in the Orient. But in Mérimée's case, the impulse is more than a mere external suggestion. While the picturesque quality of a *Carmen* or a *Don Jose Navarro* attracted him as a literary artist who chooses Goya models for his etchings, he found, as a philosopher, a new vigor in contact with these simple and brutal energies. Of all conceptions of the universe, the materialistic is the most frozen and lifeless. . . . Mérimée suffered from the spiritual *malaise* induced by the nihilism of his philosophy. He felt his spiritual vitality growing weaker, but did not understand the reason for this condition. He attributed it to the diminishing force of modern civilization, like Stendhal, who suggested that the mediocrity of his days was due to the fact that the streets were safe and life too well ordered and too thoroughly policed. Like Stendhal, he reinforced his own colorless days by imagining the life of half-barbaric people, poor in culture but rich in sensation and in will. Almost he preferred them criminal. Both Stendhal and Mérimée thought that they were protesting against the hypocrisies and conventions of their day. If their psychological lucidity had not been disturbed by the prejudices of their philosophic theory, they would have realized that they were actually seeking the sacred thrill of mystery, of the unknown, which their theories denied. They sought the unknown, in the dark gulf of human passion at its paroxysm.

We can understand, knowing this quality of his mind, why Mérimée, whom we know to have been ironic to the point of cynicism, gives in his stories an impression of gravity, almost of severity. . . . He formulates no creed and presents no reasons. As

a story-teller he states a detached episode of life. A story cannot show the genesis of action or its results. Its end is to present the action, as vividly, as strongly as possible. You may think what you like about it, the story-teller gives you the statement of facts; if they seem to you to present a problem of life or of philosophy, answer it if you can. For Mérimée the fundamental problem, which included all the others, was definitely answered. Human existence has no human significance. He lived by this desperate theory and he overcame the paralysis of its negation by his labor as an artist, by his passionate and critical work as a writer.

His thoroughness of self-criticism gave him a perfection of technique, thanks to which his stories, most of them written before 1840, have held the admiration of writers with the stability which astonished Taine. Mérimée justified the old saying 'Excel, and you will live.' In studying the construction of these stories one can appreciate the quality of self-criticism which controlled their composition. One realizes how keenly their author had analyzed the art of the story, whose secret complications are only known, perhaps, to those who have tried this medium. The first difficulty is credibility, to make your story real. The novelist has plenty of time to make us believe that his story really happened; he can summon up those preparations which the younger Dumas said were half the art of the theatre — and, he could have added, of the novel. But the story-teller has no such leisure. He cannot insinuate the reality of his story; he must impose it, a performance all the more difficult, if his story is exceptional — out of the ordinary. See with what skill Mérimée handles the difficulty in *Carmen*, a story laid in a setting entirely foreign to familiar experience. He must make this highly

melodramatic adventure natural, almost an every day affair. To tell his story he employs the first person, the *I*, which takes you into his confidence, which familiarizes the story, as La Fontaine said:

J'étais là, telle chose m'advent

The reader admits as a perfectly natural thing, the visit to Spain, of an archaeologist anxious to verify the text of the *Bellum Hispanense* on the location of the battlefield of Munda. In imagination he follows him to Cordova, where he engages a guide and horses, and sets out. We see him stopping to water his horses and unsaddle in a gorge of the Sierras. The stage is set; we can believe in it, and the apparition of Jose Navarro in this solitary spot, a circle surrounded with rocky peaks, is not astonishing, as the narrator does not make the mistake of presenting him as an extraordinary person. He is a horseman who dismounts, like the archaeologist, attracted by the water, and the shade of a clump of live oaks. He only describes him as 'a strong, young man of middle height, with proud and rather sombre eyes.' A more detailed or striking description and you would have felt the writer striving for his effect. An easy, incidental description is in this instance the cunningest ruse of the artist who will achieve his effect in due season. An exchange of cigars, a dialogue, an evening passed together in an inn, and, by one detail after another, the unknown traveler discloses himself as a bandit. The rest follows indisputably. Twenty-one pages and twenty-four lines have sufficed for this act of witchcraft.

Each of Mérimée's stories can be analyzed in this way. He is a master in endowing his dramas with verisimilitude. And he has also to a supreme degree what — for lack of a better

term — I may call the gift of Presence. Many excellent novels have not this particular quality. They tell a true story, the events described actually took place, but not *before our eyes*. To use a vulgar but expressive metaphor — the actors are not in the same room. In Mérimée's, as in Balzac's works, they are always visible. The sense of their presence is the more remarkable as it is not brought about by description or dialogue. Mérimée did not believe in description — he gives the reason somewhere *à propos* of a failure to reproduce the *Venus de Milo*: 'a few millimetres of difference in the nose and this beautiful face is utterly changed. But you cannot, in black and white, express this difference between the original and a bad copy.' He reduced dialogue to essential words. The explosive scene — if I may use that term — where characters explain themselves at length was repugnant to his taste of concentration. Count the replies between Carmen and her lover when he was going to kill her. There are only eleven, of which six have less than twenty words, and the longest only seven lines. He imposes the sense of being present by a careful choice of very small details, very simple but illuminating. Read the beginning of *Carmen* and see how it shows us Jose Navarro by a series of gestures. First, Jose is waked from his sleep — one hand on his gun, the other on the halter of his horse; second, he releases the horse, and his gun, at first horizontal, points toward the ground; third, he sits down without laying aside his gun and accepts a cigar. His origin is betrayed by the way he pronounces his *S*; he is from the north, and his situation by the pleasure with which he inhales the smoke of his cigar. 'How long it is since I have smoked!' A few more notes — his ignorance of the surrounding country, his knowledge of

horses, his pride in his own horse, so enduring, he says, that he once covered thirty leagues in a day at the trot and gallop — then a sudden break in this imprudent confidence, an embarrassed pretext to justify it, a look of distrust thrown at the Spanish guide and his French interlocutor — and you have before you, visible — the *Contrabandista*. Mérimée worked by the use of exact detail, without comment. To imagine these details, to set them in the proper perspective, one must have a mental vision of photographic precision, unencumbered with useless detail, a mind of confident certainty which seizes only the significant in faces, attitudes, and words.

These short stories, so real, so vivid, are written in a classic style, which contrasts with the language of the prose writers who followed the tradition of Chateaubriand and Hugo. . . . Mérimée would not have been logical in his own discipline if he had not restrained himself to the somewhat dry but clear, solid style of our national tradition. Besides, the question of style in a story is one of those of which we must say — *et adhuc sub judice lis est*. . . . One thing is certain, Balzac and Stendhal in their novels, and Mérimée in his stories have produced a *living* work, while the carefully polished prose of Flaubert gives too often the impression of a still-life. . . . Mérimée's style is so personal, so adapted to his character, that we cannot conceive that he could have written otherwise, just as we cannot conceive that he, being the sort of person he was, could have worked in a different kind of medium. If his work has faults, they are his faults. He lacked enthusiasm, *abandon*, the religious values, and these faults are reflected in his work. But how many other qualities he had and shows in his writings — the first of all — Truth! Mathew Arnold

said of Wordsworth that all his verses were not necessary. . . . Of Mérimée's stories we have the right to say that they are all necessary, so thoroughly in his case are the author and the man a unit. That is all that I have tried to show by these notes. And I imagine that Mérimée would not have wished a different eulogy.

[*The Cornhill Magazine*]

THE CALL OF BLOOD

A True Tale of High Albania

BY M. EDITH DURHAM

Kol lay on his stomach on a warm rock, trying to while away the time by snaring with a loop of grass the lizards which darted to and fro in the sunshine. Around him grazed his flock; the goats tiptoeing on pinnacles and craning over precipices in search of twigs just out of reach; the sheep peaceably munching such grass and leaves as could be got without trouble.

Kol was much the color of a sheep himself. His rough garments were of undyed sheep-wool, and were shaggy with rents and patches. His shaven head was swathed in a long strip of whitish cotton. The red sash round his waist was the one spot of color which made him visible in the landscape.

He was bored — *mrzit*, as he called it — *mrzit* beyond all bearing.

With all his soul he longed for the day when he should be reckoned a man and given a man's weapons. To-day, he might just as well be a sheep for all the good he got out of life. Of all the boys he knew, he envied most Hutz Marashi, the Bairaktar's son. He was only twelve and already wore a little revolver in his sash. For he was the Bairaktar's only son, and the Bairaktar was a rich man. Hutz had boasted last

time they met that he soon should have a rifle too. His father had ordered one — a special one for boys — of one of the Austrian steamboat captains. Next time the boat came in the rifle too would surely arrive — and cartridges. Kol writhed with envy. Even when he was sixteen he could not hope to have a rifle, let alone a new *altipatlar* (revolver).

Life was hard and unfair. Hutz was a sickly, stupid little fool. He would never be able to shoot straight even when he had the rifle.

Here Kol noticed a goat going too far afield and aimed a stone at it deftly. He drew a wooden pipe from his sash and blew a few notes. His flock ceased grazing and looked at him inquisitively. And out of sheer restlessness he got up and led them to another patch of grass.

The endless day of boredom at last drew to its close. The brilliant blue sky paled to green and the green became a golden glow as Kol, followed by his flock, trailed down among the rocks to his mother's hut.

She was squatting by the fire, talking in muffled undertones to Mrlik Temalit, an old neighbor. Kol was vexed to see the two chattering women, and sat down without taking any notice of them. Their voices rose and fell monotonously. Then his mother's voice prevailed, and for the hundredth time at least Kol heard her tell the bloody details of his father's death. To and fro she rocked as she chanted her lamentation. 'They shot him, my man; they shot him. His shirt was soaked with his blood, and it dripped upon the floor. Here, in this hut, it dripped upon the floor. We laid him in his grave up yonder in the church-yard, but his soul knows no rest. It comes to me in the night, and it cries, "When will blood be taken and I be at peace?" Woe is me! Woe is me!

How can I, a weak woman, give him peace? His brethren will not, and Kol is a child and cannot. Woe is me! Woe is me!"

"Kol is almost a man grown," murmured Mrik, and Kol felt the blood prick in his veins. "The day is coming!" sighed Mrik; "the day is coming!"

Kol's mother stared into the gloomy depths of the hut and rose slowly to her feet, a gaunt, tall figure with a ragged black kerchief on her head in sign of widowhood. She walked to the big painted chest which had held her bridal outfit, threw open the lid, bent down, searched, and, drawing out something folded in many wrappers, returned with it to Mrik.

Kol watched her curiously, for there were secrets in that chest he was never allowed to see. When every wrapper was removed, his mother held a common glass bottle in her hands, poised delicately as a precious thing. "His blood," she said, shortly tilting the bottle toward the firelight so that Mrik might see the blood-stained rag within it. "I cut the shirt from over his heart." The firelight flickered on the two stern gaunt faces and sparkled on the glass. "As I believe in God, Dil Mirashit," cried Mrik, "the blood is boiling! The day has come!"

"What are you talking nonsense about?" cried a male voice roughly, and the door was obscured as a tall man strode in. "What is all this about?"

Dil wrapped the bottle in her apron and rose respectfully as her brother-in-law entered. Mrik rose, too. Dil hastily offered him a seat and coffee. "What are you talking about?" he demanded again.

"It is Mirash's blood," said Dil hoarsely. "It has come alive. It calls for vengeance."

"It is wet in the bottle. You can see the bubbles on it. By the Lord

God," said Mrik, solemnly, "the day has come!"

"If I hear any more of this talk," cried Zef, "I will break the bottle. You are not to talk like this before the boy. There is no vengeance to be taken. You know what happened as well as I do. If poor Mirash was shot, it was partly his own fault. We met the Dushmani men before the church and settled the matter. They paid blood-gelt, and we swore peace on the altar. They paid the padre for masses for his soul. It is done and ended."

"It is not!" screamed Dil. "Night after night he cries for vengeance. God be praised, Kol will soon be a grown man, and he will take blood for his father!"

"And I will take care that Kol does not get weapons yet awhile," said Zef. "As for you, Dil, if I hear any more talk about breaking the peace and bringing the tribe into a blood-feud, I will beat you within an inch of your life. So take care. It is you women who keep up the feuds. Kol there — you mind what I say! You are to come tomorrow to help drive the goats to Shkodra (Scutari). Be round so soon as the sun rises."

The two women, daunted, but unconvinced, dared make no reply, and Zef strode from the hut as suddenly as he had entered.

Kol was no longer *mrzit*. Life no longer bored him. Since his mother had seized him and dragged him into the circle of the firelight and shown him the dirty rag in the bottle with the dark stain all slimy upon it, he had something to live for. Every soul needs a goal. Kol had seen his and strained toward it instinctively like a racer.

That his clan, infuriated at being dragged into blood over a quarrel settled twelve years ago, would allow the infliction of the utmost penalties,

should he break the peace, he knew very well. The hut where he and his mother lived would be burned down with all that was in it. The walnut tree, whose fruit they sold at the bazaar, would be felled; so would the cherry tree. The few goats and sheep would probably be sold to pay the fine to the government. His mother would be left to starve unless some member of the clan took pity on her. He, himself, would be an outcast flying always from the blood-seekers, who in turn would take vengeance on him. All this he knew, and it had no effect upon him. The risks made the enterprise greater, and the calming of his father's soul was his reward. The soul, he knew, when you died came out of your mouth and walked three times round your body and then started upon a journey and went back in turn to each place it had passed through during life. Some souls had a long way to go — even as far as America. But when the journey was ended they at last, by the aid of the priest, got through purgatory to heaven — a sunshiny place somewhere on the top of a mountain; but if they had been killed, as was his father, they reached no rest. They wandered and wandered until blood was taken for the blood that was spilled.

The priest, it is true, had taken him and the other boys into the church often enough and shown them an alarming picture of men shrieking in flames and being gnawn by dragons, and had told them this was the fate of blood-shedders. But the priest was, after all, but one. Every other man in the clan would rather go to hell with his honor clean than to heaven with it stained.

The only question in Kol's mind was whom he should kill and how should he kill him. Most of all he was angered with his uncle Zef, who had dared

while he, Kol, was an infant to sell the family honor; had taken money in place of blood, and had sworn peace. Zef had learned foolish ideas from foreigners whom he had served. Kol had heard this often enough from his mother.

The man who had killed his father, as he knew well, was Nrek Gleloshi, of the Dushmani, the tribe by the side of the swift-flowing Drin. Nrek was dead — the blood of any male of the Dushmani clan would be enough to bring his father peace, but Kol wished his vengeance to be complete. One of Nrek's sons should die for his father's crime. How to obtain a weapon was a more difficult problem.

He approached his uncle one day with as careless an air as he could assume, and remarked that now he had so many sheep and goats to guard he really ought to have a gun because of the wolves. Zef had only laughed and told him wolves never came so near houses in the summer in the day time; and added that he had no *martinka* to spare and could not afford to buy one for a boy. Words which bit Kol's soul. He left off playing knuckle-bones with the other boys. All day among the rocks with his herd he brooded on his vengeance; and at night his father's soul began to call to him.

Instead of grumbling now when his uncle ordered him to take the toilsome track to Shkodra with goats for the bazaar, Kol went eagerly. For as his tribe was at peace with the Dushmani men it had the right to pass through their tribe-land on the way.

Zef believed he had knocked sense into Kol and gave him treats in the coffee-shops of Shkodra, but Kol used these expeditions to learn how best his vengeance could be achieved. He knew now how many sons Nrek had left — their names and ages — where

they grazed their flocks, and when they watered them; when they went to the bazaar, and by what tracks; from which points they might best be ambushed. Finally, he decided that Lulash Nreki, the youngest, should be the one to atone for his father's crime. He was the more easily to be found alone, but he was armed and Kol was not, and how to find a weapon he knew not. Meanwhile he lost no opportunity of getting a shot with the rifle of any man who would lend him one, and was becoming a fair marksman, but there seemed a conspiracy against allowing him to take a borrowed rifle out of sight, in spite of his vehement promises to return it. Kol ascribed this to his uncle's influence, and he hated his uncle from the bottom of his heart; his uncle who had taken gold in place of blood and left his own brother's soul to wander miserably between heaven and earth forever restless.

The sun poured on the cobble-stoned streets of Shkodra. Under the shadow of an awning Uncle Zef sat and drank black coffee with the Bairaktar. Kol looked on enviously. The Bairaktar beckoned to him. 'Your Uncle tells me,' he said, 'that you can be trusted with an errand. Will you carry a bundle out of the town for me?' Kol smiled. He smelled contraband, and his spirits rose. Next day, before the dawn, he wriggled safely through the by-ways, dodging the night-patrol; crawled out of the town under cover of the hedges, and was well on his way over the Fusha Stojit, half hidden by the tall asphodels, when the sun rose on a world all silver gray with dew. The 'bundle' was a roll of black woolen material. It concealed the miniature rifle for Hutz, the Bairaktar's son. The importation of weapons was just then

prohibited by the Turkish government. The Bairaktar had paid at least double the value of the rifle and had taken all risks. Kol was to await him and Zef at the first *han*. It was early, very early; they were not due for hours. The *hanjee* was taking down his shutters sleepily; and while Kol lounged in the shade of the big walnut-tree the *hanjee*'s first guests arrived — the elder sons of Nrek Gleoshi, of Dushmani, on their way to town with big loads of sumach roots upon pack ponies — and in one luminous moment it flashed upon Kol's brain that the hour was sounding. He had the rifle, and Lulash, who was to die for his father's sin, would be alone in the mountains. St. Damian, his tribal saint, had hearkened to his urgent prayers.

The candles he had lighted in the Scutari cathedral had not been in vain. He leaped to his feet, shouted to the *hanjee* to tell his uncle he had gone ahead, and took the track for the mountains as fast as his feet could carry him. He was on a holy mission. He was the avenger of blood. He felt neither fatigue nor hunger; drank some cold water at the springs, snatched an hour's sleep by the way-side, and traveled night and day. Only when on the morning of the second day he arrived in the land of his foe did he pause and hail a woman milking goats. She gave him a full bowl. He drank greedily, wiped his mouth, and went his way. All seemed clear to him. Coolly he unwrapped the treasured rifle which the saint beyond all doubt had bestowed upon him. It was beautiful beyond compare. Kol shivered with joy as he took a brass clip full of cartridges and slipped it into place. No one was in sight. He put the weapon to his shoulder, and aimed at a white stone. With scarcely a parting kick the

bullet flew straight and sweetly and struck the mark. Kol had never shot with such a well-made weapon before. He crossed himself. His heart leaped, but prudence restrained him from firing a second shot. Like a tiger on the trail he started to find his foe, but Lulash was in none of his usual haunts. Kol wandered round vainly. 'Lulash Nreki?' said a girl, 'Oh, he'll be back by midday. He crossed the river yesterday, and went to Berisha with the padre.' Kol went down to the banks of the Drin like a beast that tracks its prey and lay in wait for his victim. Drin was full and wide. The water poured yellow and turbid in great heaving swirls and broke in white foam over the rocks. The tribesmen crossed the river, when too deep for wading, by binding an inflated sheepskin firmly to the body by leathern straps and then plunging in and swimming. Lulash, as he landed, would prove an easy shot.

Kol hid behind a rock and practised aiming at the strip of beach, and stared ever and again across the river to see if anyone should appear. Time seemed endless. Kol was strained to expectancy — and then the supreme moment came. A slight boyish figure descended the further bank of the river some hundred yards higher up stream, paused on a rock, and stripped. For a few moments, while he was adjusting the sheepskin float, Lulash's nude body gleamed in the sunlight. Then, with his bundle of clothes bound firmly on his head to keep them dry, he lowered himself gently into the water and struck out with strong strokes. The current caught him and bore him swiftly down. He would land in a few minutes precisely on the beach. Kol heard his own heart beat and his blood sang in his ears as he covered Lulash's head with his rifle and kept it covered as it bobbed up

and down. When would he be near enough? Should he risk a shot now? Should he let him land? Should he kill him before he left the water so that the stream should carry him down and no one know? Should he —? Dear God! Lulash was struggling for his life. The float had come loose and was bounding down stream. Lulash clutched at it vainly. The current whirled him. He made no way against it. He fought. He gave one hoarse and horrible cry — sank — rose again — splashed and struggled.

Kol leaped to his feet with the shriek for help ringing in his ears. To kill your enemy is one thing; to see a fellow creature die a terrible death is quite another. Without knowing what he did Kol dropped the rifle, scrambled further down the river side, tearing off garments as he went, plunged into the stream in a smoother, shallower patch, caught Lulash as he swept by, and was clutched at once in a deadly grip. Down went both boys locked together. Rose and sank again. Kol, fighting for life, choking and gasping, struggled vainly to tear off Lulash's grip, and suddenly, when hope was gone, his foot struck bottom, his knee grazed gravel. The torrent had whirled them on to a projecting spit of shingle. With a last effort Kol rose to his feet and staggered through the shallow swirling water to land, dragging the half-unconscious Lulash with him, and there they both lay and gasped till the hot rays of the sun brought back life to their wiry young bodies. Then said Lulash, staring into Kol's eyes: 'As I believe in God, Kol Mirashi, you have saved my life this day. You are my brother forever. Swear it!'

Kol stared back at Lulash and said nothing. He pulled a stem of grass and twisted it tightly round his thumb and, as the tip swelled, drove a thorn into it. The blood welled up in a

crimson bead. Lulash bent his lips and sucked it, and, without saying a word, he too pricked his thumb and offered it to Kol; and they stood up stark naked as they were born and swore by God and St. Damian and St. John that they were blood-brethren now through life till death.

This was how Kol fulfilled his vow and took blood of the family of his father's murderer, but not as he had planned to do, and his father's soul cried to him no more.

[The New Statesman]

CUBISM *

M. ALBERT GLEIZES has just published a little book on Cubism which merits our attention because, for good or evil, Cubism, in one form or another, is now the most powerful influence in European art, and no one is more competent to expound it than M. Gleizes who is, of course, himself a cubist painter belonging to the most uncompromising section, the extreme left wing which has subjected itself to a fanatical discipline in an attempt to find a path for the development of pictorial art. Such a sacrifice strikes us in England as extraordinary; we can hardly bring ourselves to take it seriously. For the public here is not in the least interested in art, though it is extremely interested in artists. Which means that there is no money to be made in England out of art, but a good deal to be picked up by playing the part of an artist in English social life. Our artists, therefore, generally abandon experimental work (the only work which is now worth while) somewhere about the age of thirty-five, when they have sold a handful of drawings and paintings to the handful of dilettanti

who know good work when they see it and can afford to make an occasional purchase, and then they settle down to the steady repetition of an early success and the enlargement of their social circle.

Conditions in France are much the same, except that the dealers are willing to lay down experimental work as a speculation, though they do not themselves understand it, and the artists are protected from degeneration by a Continental precocity which disillusioned them before they are twenty, so that if they decide to be experimental they do so with their eyes open, and they are prepared to pass from one experiment to another. Thus the extreme abstract Cubist pictures of M. Gleizes and his immediate colleagues are, in a sense, already a thing of the past, but the artists have not abandoned experiment and taken to fashionable portrait painting or sentimental landscapes. They are ready to try again because they know that their effort was worth while. It represented an excursion into fundamental aesthetics the necessity for which will not, I imagine, be denied by anyone acquainted with the state of art in France and England at the beginning of the century, when there was little to be seen but the incredible ineptitudes and vulgarities of the official exhibitions on the one hand, and millions of Cézannesque apples on the other. The pioneers of ten years ago have now called a momentary halt to take their bearings, and M. Gleizes has taken the opportunity of summarizing their achievements and formulating into a creed the results of their excavations.

Stated briefly, M. Gleizes' æsthetic creed appears to be something like this: A work of art is a concrete spiritual manifestation. The artist starts from the physical world, but he extracts from it some spiritual aspect. He has

* *Du Cubisme et des Moyens de le Comprendre.*
By Albert Gleizes. Paris: 'La Cible.' 6 frs.

no concern with imitation of the appearance of concrete realities. The reality which is his proper concern is the reality of the flat surface of his paper or canvas. This reality is essentially two dimensional, and any attempt to invest it with a third dimension is trivial trickery. For it is quite unreasonable to expect that a picture, surrounded by three-dimensional objects, should abandon its own reality and condescend to create an optical illusion and continue the three-dimensional reality of other things. The business of the painter is thus to animate the two-dimensional reality of his surface without robbing it of its essential nature. He must ignore conventional optical and aerial perspective, which are mere trickery, and study in their place the scientific laws of color contrast, by the aid of which he can create planes of varying depth without betraying his surface or imitating the effect of natural planes, and he must study also the laws of linear structure and the principles of balance.

Now, the first thing to be said about this creed is that it undoubtedly explains and defends the pictures of Albert Gleizes and his colleagues, Metzinger, Marcoussis, Léger, Hayden, and so on, and the famous exhibits of Braque and Picasso, in which new decorative ornaments were evolved from fragments of various features and buttons, fragments of newspaper, and other things, were stuck on to the surface of the canvas. For there is nothing in the creed which precludes any frank variation of material upon the surface itself, so that the trouser buttons and the fragments of *Le Petit Journal* are well within it, and it is, in any case, extremely difficult to rule them out of pictorial art as illegitimate, without condemning at the same time a whole series of classical instances of analogous practice, the raised ornament

on the pictures of Foppa and Crivelli, for instance, and Gozzoli's gold leaf variations in the frescoes of the Riccardi Palace, even the impasto of Titian himself and the delightful little spots that twitter on the surface of so many of Canaletto's most charming works. It explains, too, the absence of recession in their pictures—that is to say, the absence of the illusion that some portions of the picture are situated farther back than the surface of the canvas.

Here we have a self-imposed restriction which, like the trouser buttons, we cannot refuse to accept in theory without involving classical examples: the masterpieces of Giotto, the beautiful art of Duccio and Simone Martini, and, indeed, practically the whole body of Italian painting before the introduction of perspective. Finally, it explains and defends the absence of anything approaching imitative representation in these Cubist pictures (an absence which differentiates them from all other Western painting, but brings them into line with the symbolic decoration of the East), and the use of contrasts of crude colors, which can, of course, be found in any richly colored work of the Renaissance by the simple process of removing the final harmonizing brown varnishes.

But though the extreme non-representational Cubist pictures can thus be justified by M. Gleizes' aesthetic creed, the creed cannot be justified by the pictures. For there is a ferocious dogmatism in the pictures themselves, a rigid refusal of terrestrial delights, a fanatical Puritanism which cannot conceivably succeed in imposing itself for long on the Western civilized man, who is accustomed to placate repressed sensuality by minor sensuous pleasures and has been taught to seek and find them in the domain of art. Our

Western sensibility can only submit to severe æsthetic discipline when it is accompanied by a large restrained emotion and a large restrained humanity; it cannot submit to it when it is manifested in a form which strikes us, by reason of the obviousness of its component parts, as something in the nature of a decorative triviality, a merely tasteful arrangement of pretty fragments. An abstract Cubist picture is, in fact, too attractive to serve as an æsthetic tonic, too austere to serve as a sensual delight, and too inhuman and unemotional to make the spiritual appeal of great art. It may serve as a stimulant for the first week, as an intriguing puzzle for the second, but it will assuredly be nothing but a bore for the rest of its existence.

The artists themselves have evidently recognized this. Hence M. Gleizes' book, which is intended to be, not only an explanation and a defense of their initial effort, but also a basis for further experiments. It demonstrates, as we have seen, that the elements in the abstract Cubist pictures, which seemed to us so queer and new when they first appeared, can all be paralleled in the great art of the past. But M. Gleizes' creed does not limit the artist to the particular kind of picture which the pioneers evolved as its first interpretation. It excludes, admittedly, the purely naturalistic approach, the science of imitating the appearance of things by light and shade and color, but it does not exclude the presence on the painted surface of forms which recall the forms of the real world. It does not preclude non-imitative representation, and it covers in this way the most divergent manifestations in modern painting — the art of Matisse and the art of Paul Nash, the art of Derain and the art of Edward Wadsworth. But it does preclude the exploitation of recession

which is admitted and encouraged by the other school of Cubists, who construct their pictures with contrasted volumes in the manner of Cézanne.

The Cubists made their first demonstrations in the form of pictures which translated natural forms into architectural forms, and, I suppose, were first dubbed 'Cubists,' a label which, after the manner of labels, has since been loosely applied to various types of analogous experimentalists. This refusal on the part of M. Gleizes to admit the illusion of recession, though it can, as we have seen, be paralleled by classical examples, imposes, nevertheless, in my view, an unnecessary restriction on the painter's craft. It is undeniably logical to maintain that just as the painter should refrain from the tricks which suggest that some parts of his picture project in front of the frame, so he must also refrain from the tricks which suggest that other parts recede behind it. But in practise the elimination of both illusions means the elimination of mystery, the elimination of the sense of space, and leads inevitably to mere decorative painting which can provide no permanent satisfaction to the Western mind. For, once infancy is past we think instinctively of things as three-dimensional solids and not as two-dimensional silhouettes. With this restriction removed, however, M. Gleizes' creed covers not only the other school of Cubists (who as opposed to Abstract Cubists must be called Representative Cubists) — Segonzac, Lhôte, Dufresne, and others, in France, Duncan Grant, Wyndham Lewis, Roberts, Keith Baynes, Adeney, and others, in England, but also the whole field of contemporary pictorial endeavor, which is manifested in a dozen channels but united in a determination to rediscover the secrets of æsthetic appeal, and bring back to

painting, sculpture, and architecture the large structural qualities which were non-existent in European art at the beginning of the century.

[*Journal de Genève*, September 27]

THE LATEST BOOKS OF ROMAIN ROLLAND

BY PAUL SEIPPEL

BEGINNING with the publication of *L'Aube* we have closely followed the literary career of Romain Rolland. I wish particularly to speak of the little book which he has just published, *Pierre et Lucie*, because it is entirely worthy of the author of *Jean-Christophe*, but before I do so I ought to say frankly what I think of the preceding volumes. Romain Rolland knows why I am in no hurry to refer to them. Certainly I shall always esteem him and be fond of him. When he was attacked on every side I defended him against the unjust criticisms of which he was the object, and I will continue to defend him if the occasion arises. I am convinced of his absolute sincerity because I saw it put to the test in difficult days at the outbreak of the war. None of our readers has forgotten how, at that tragic hour, when a deathly silence enveloped Europe, he protested with more energy and eloquence than any other, in the name of justice, against the crimes of German imperialism. Romain Rolland lent his powerful support to the protest of the conscience of humanity.

Since then he has been one of those rare persons who attempted to preserve their individuality while so many others were blindly swept along in the current of the war. He suffered voluntarily for what he believed to be the cause of truth and justice, and he still intends to follow that ideal. But his

conceptions of truth and justice change continually. I can scarcely understand the political ideas which he holds today; I have told him how dangerous I think them, and how inconsistent with his former beliefs.

The last two books which he published were utterly disappointing. In *Liluli*, Romain Rolland attempted to write in a way which was entirely unnatural. He tried to be coldly ironic and hard. His *Polichinelle* watches, with a certain amusement, the wicked goddess of Illusion push the Gallipoulets and their enemies, the Hurluberoches, toward the abyss under the paternal regard of *Maitre Dieu*, a 'handsome, majestic, and knavish old man.' Polichinelle, who does not distinguish between one group and the other, laughs heartily at their common distress until the moment arrives when he is himself destroyed by the world catastrophe and cries: 'Ah! Sacreboullie... Ils dégringouillent!' That is the last word. To tell the truth, this satiric comedy, which is certainly not a theatrical piece, seems to me neither amusing, nor true, nor just, nor fine. It bears the marks of the years of war. Even Romain Rolland was less free from war demoralization than he thought.

As to the little book published by L'Humanité, under the title of *Les Précurseurs*, it is a collection of manifestos and articles which add nothing at all to the literary reputation of the author of *Jean-Christophe*. These articles are also open to the criticism that they do not express a clear opinion on certain essential political problems. What, for example, was the attitude of Romain Rolland in regard to Bolshevism? At the end of 1918 he had to choose between Wilson and Lenin. On the 9th of November he addressed an open letter full of enthusiasm to President Wilson, as follows:

You alone, among all those who are charged at present with the heavy responsibility of directing the political action of the nations, you alone, enjoy a universal moral authority. Everyone has confidence in you. Live up to the hopes of mankind.

Less than a month later, on December 4, 1918, Romain Rolland wrote to Jean Longuet a letter published in *Le Populaire*, in which he affirmed again the necessity of sustaining, *temporarily*, President Wilson's attitude, and added:

I am not Wilsonian. I see too clearly that the President's message expresses his convictions and intention of realizing in the world a bourgeois republic of the Franco-American type. This conservative ideal is not sufficient.

Later, when Wilson failed to carry his programme at the Peace Conference, Rolland spoke very bitterly of his moral abdication. He also stoned the vanquished. Abandoned by his own supporters, Wilson was obliged to yield on many points, but at least he had the courage to make a desperate fight for his ideals, which is a more difficult thing to do than to write articles for newspapers.

What then? Lenin in place of Wilson? It is hard to say. In a certain *Déclaration des droits de l'Esprit* (the title is sufficiently ambitious), drawn up by Romain Rolland and signed by intellectuals of almost all countries, we find phrases such as the following: 'We do not recognize peoples. We only recognize The People, unique and universal.' This leads us directly to the one indivisible world Republic so dear to the heart of M. Barbusse. Romain Rolland added the following note to the Declaration:

We regret that we cannot include on this list our Russian friends from whom we are still separated by the allied blockade; but we keep a place for them in our midst. Russian thought is the vanguard of world thought.

Which Russian thought, Lenin's? Romain Rolland's subsequent attitude seems to indicate this idea. He has never withdrawn or limited the enthusiastic praises which he poured out at the beginning of the Russian Revolution. He has never disavowed them although several of his friends have begged him to do so. He has never, as far as I know, publicly recognized or criticized Bolshevik crimes, and neither has he publicly declared his adhesion to Bolshevism. That is why, in the name of those who formerly gave him their confidence, I am moved to ask him several questions.

'You, who have so justly criticized imperialistic governments for their lies and deceits, have you no word of criticism for the most imperialistic, the most lying, and the most deceitful of present governments, that of the Soviets?

'You, who have justly accused the bourgeois Powers of stifling all independent thought, do you not realize that human thought has never been more oppressed in any country than actually in Russia?

'You, who have been inspired all your life by the noblest passion for liberty, do you not tremble with indignation to see the Russian people who escaped the tyranny of the Tsar fall into a more terrible and more implacable servitude? Do you wish to blind yourself, Romain Rolland, to the fact that this people is dying because a band of vampires are sucking its blood? Do you not hear the cries of those thousands of innocent victims whom the Bolsheviks torture and destroy?

'Finally, you who are a Pacifist, can you keep on sympathizing with the most militaristic of present governments? Do you wish that its régime of force and blood should be imposed on Europe? And do you only approve war when it is called "Class War"?"

It seems to me that Romain Rolland ought to reply to these questions and state his attitude. His position can only be explained, I think, in one way. He is so obsessed by an abstract idea that he can no longer distinguish reality. He has always had in him the making of a kind of mystic revolutionary. At the beginning he saw the Bolsheviks as the men predestined to carry on and achieve the work of the French Revolution. Having condemned the society which brought about the war—and had he not plenty of reasons to condemn it?—he believed that Soviet Russia would destroy a rotten world in order to create a better one. To-day he will not see that Soviet Russia only knows how to destroy and is impotent to create. He will not see that this hideous monster carries in its lean flanks only murder, famine, and devastation. He will not see that Asiatic chaos threatens our western civilization. He will not see that the Mongol, Lenin, is not Danton, but Gengis-Khan. A writer with so nice a consciousness of his responsibilities cannot continue in so dangerous an error. We appeal to his passionate love of truth, and beg him to publish openly the fact that he is disillusioned.

The best thing that Romain Rolland can do both for the enjoyment of his readers and for the permanent effect he can exercise on them, would be to begin again at the point where he was interrupted by the war, and to shake the dust of its battles from his feet. Only a few traces of that dust are to be found in *Pierre et Luce*. The author again thunders like a Hebrew prophet

against the bourgeois, as the unique and responsible authors of the misfortunes of humanity. But have the others not shown themselves since then to be worse than the bourgeois when they are in control? And will the high ideal which Romain Rolland has expressed allow him to divide humanity into the sheep and the goats, into the bourgeois and non-bourgeois class? That is entirely too simple, too easy. It is not worth while to suppress nationality in order to perpetuate, by the most artificial of divisions, the 'philanthropic abattoir' at the very moment when humanity hopes to destroy it.

Pierre et Luce themselves have the intuition of this idea, and that is why they are ready to leave a world which has no place for their dream of tenderness and happiness. It is a beautiful and pure love poem, the dream of these two children of Paris, who live under the constant threat of death, which takes them at the end to unite them forever. Romain Rolland has written nothing more touching and nothing more finished. As soon as he walks on native soil he finds again all of his force and all of his talent. These few pages, which can be read in an evening, are, I am not afraid to say, a small *chef-d'œuvre* worthy to be placed with *L'Aube* and *Antoinette*. It is a happiness to read them. We find ourselves in the world of poetry, kindness, and of human verity where love exists. That is the true domain of Romain Rolland. Let us hope that he will continue in it, to his own welfare and to our enjoyment, and that he will leave to others the questions of politics.

AN UNPUBLISHED PAMPHLET BY SHELLEY

'If only it had been one new lyric — one little lyric of half a page, but Shelley's own,' many will cry, 'instead of these ninety-two solid pages of his prose!' Never mind! Let us be truly thankful for what we have received, remembering how last century's finest critic foretold that Shelley's prose would outlast his verse. The critic wrote in a moment of temporary insanity, it is true, but the saying proves how highly he esteemed the prose, and now we are given ninety-two pages more of it. We should rather have chosen any twenty lines of true lyric from the master of lyric, but still what a gift!

The notebook containing the manuscript of the *Philosophical View of Reform* has been known to exist, though Buxton Forman, in the preface to his great edition of the prose works, says, rather strangely, that he could not trace it. He quotes a letter to Ollier (Dec. 15, 1819) in which Shelley wrote:

I am preparing an octavo on reform — a commonplace kind of book — which now that I see the passion of party will postpone the great struggle to another year, I shall not trouble myself to finish for this season. I intend it to be an instructive and readable book, appealing from the passions to the reason of men.

In her preface to the *Essays, etc.* (1840), Mrs. Shelley also stated that 'A Treatise on Political Reform and other fragments remain, to be published when his works assume a complete shape.' But this treatise was never published by her, and Dr. Garnet, of the British Museum, himself an enthusiastic student of Shelley, could

not discover where it had gone. It was, however, in the possession of Lady Shelley, the wife of the poet's son; it was by her presented to Stopford Brooke, and on his death passed to his daughter, Mrs. Rolleston, whose husband, Mr. T. W. Rolleston, has now deciphered, edited, and published it with the Oxford University Press. A very remarkable point in the publication is a photograph of a pencil drawing made by Shelley himself upon the cover of his notebook. It represents an oak tree standing among rocks, with a distant view of a plain or lake and high mountains beyond. The drawing, especially of the tree and the rocks, might be the work of a good artist belonging to that accurate age of representation.

The style of the pamphlet is Shelley at his strongest (for indeed, in 1820, when the tract was written, he had only two more years to live). In his earlier prose we feel the touch of imitation or play-acting — the resolve to proclaim the gospel of his Godwin from every house-top. But here all is seriousness and sincerity and first-hand faith. To this later style belong also the careful arrangement, the easy and inevitable (not the precious and over-careful) choice of words and the unconscious cadence of sentences. Now and then, it is true, the rhetoric reappears, but even rhetoric becomes almost tolerable when it is moved by the rage or the satire of denunciation, as in this passage upon poor Malthus and his scientific theory of food and population:

A writer of the present day (a priest of course, for his doctrines are those of a eunuch and of a

tyrant), has stated that the evils of the poor arise from an excess of population, and after they have been stripped naked by the tax-gatherer and reduced to bread and tea and fourteen hours of hard labor by their masters, and after the frost has bitten their defenceless limbs, and the cramp has wrung like a disease within their bones, and hunger and the suppressed revenge of hunger has stamped the ferocity of want like the mark of Cain upon their countenances, that the last tie by which nature holds them to the benignant earth whose plenty is gathered up in the strongholds of their tyrants, is to be divided; that the single alleviation of their sufferings and their scorns, the one thing which made it impossible to degrade them below the beasts, which amid all their crimes and miseries yet separated a cynical and unmanly contamination, an anti-social cruelty, from all the soothing, elevating, and harmonious gentleness of the sexual intercourse and the humanizing charities of domestic life which are its appendages — that this is to be obliterated. They are required to abstain from marrying under penalty of starvation.

The passionate love of mankind lay in Shelley's nature. It was his soul. Ever since he had read Godwin's *Political Justice* at Eton, he had sought to realize his passion along the lines laid down by his guide and philosopher. Upon those lines he had written the pamphlets with which he endeavored, as so many other noble Englishmen have endeavored (how vainly!) to deliver Ireland from the ancient wrongs of her oppression. Upon those lines, as 'The Hermit of Marlow,' he wrote *A Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote*, and the *Address on the Death of Princess Charlotte*. The last two were written in 1817. The *Defence of Poetry* was written in this year of 1820, or early in 1821, and one passage from this *Philosophic View* is embodied in it. During the year he was mainly at Pisa, but continued in close intimacy with Byron. He had lately published the *Cenci* and *Prometheus Unbound*. He had also composed *The Mask of Anarchy, written on the Occasion of the Massacre at Manchester* (namely, the

atrocity of Peterloo), but it was not published till ten years after his death. The 'Hellas' belongs to the year following (1821), and so the position of the present manuscript in the poet's life and in the world's history is shown.

Even if we knew nothing beyond the pamphlet itself, we should learn from reading it that Shelley was surrounded by a world tormented very much as our present world is tormented, though the disasters then afflicting Europe and this country were not so overwhelming, the populations being less numerous, and the instruments invented by mankind for mutual destruction less effective. Shelley was looking out upon a world which had suffered years of terrible war, and was moving restlessly among the ruins that war had left. On all sides, reaction and wealth appeared to have triumphed. Europe lay bound under the Holy Alliance (counterpart of our Supreme Council). In England the 'Six Acts' (counterpart of D.O.R.A.) had just been passed, and Castlereagh was in power, with nearly two years to run before the relief of his suicide. The National Debt had risen to an amount then thought enormous, and in reality enormous in proportion to the country's income. A paper currency was poured out, and prices together with rent were rushing up while wages remained far behind in the race. Plots and sporadic outbreaks, partly instigated by Oliver the Spy, and other provocative agents, were suppressed with a ruthlessness now paralleled only in Ireland. Profiteers, whom Shelley calls the new aristocracy, nurtured upon the blood of the fallen, alone prospered. The working people, forbidden to unite, and perhaps incapable of their present organization, were reduced to helpless misery, excluded even from such pro-

tection as the Parliamentary vote is intended to afford.

If we seek a realization of those evil times, we have but to look around us, and yet Shelley's prospect was darker. For the majority of the people were sunk in desperate distress, which now they are not, and certainly were less intelligent and far less powerful in opposition to the ruling class. Let us take one or two passages of description from Shelley's pamphlet, which, as he said, was written in appeal to reason, carefully avoiding the incitements of rage. After saying that the old aristocracy, hitherto acquiesced in by mankind only through the imbecility of man's will and reason, yet displayed a certain generosity and refinement of manners and opinion, he proceeds:

But in the habits and lives of this new aristocracy, created out of an increase in public calamities, and whose existence must be determined by their termination, there is nothing to qualify our disapprobation. They eat and drink and sleep, and in the intervals of these things, performed with most vexatious ceremony and accompaniments, they cringe and lie. They poison the literature of the age in which they live by requiring either the antitype of their own mediocrity in books, or such stupid and distorted and inharmonious idealisms as alone have the power to stir their torpid imaginations. Their hopes and fears are of the narrowest description. Their domestic affections are feeble, and they have no others.

Of the average population in England he writes:

Since the institution of this double aristocracy they have often worked not ten but twenty hours a day. Not that the poor have rigidly worked twenty hours, but that the worth of the labor of twenty hours now, in food and clothing, is equivalent to the worth of ten hours then. And because twenty hours cannot from the nature of the human frame be exacted from those who before performed ten, the aged and the sickly are compelled either to work or starve. Children who were exempted from labor are put in requisition, and the vigorous promise of the coming generation blighted by premature

exertion. For fourteen hours' labor, which they do perform, they receive — no matter in what nominal amount — the price of seven.

Shelley had evidently discovered a truth about wages and the value of money to which so many of our writers have lately tried to blind their daily readers. Let us take just one more passage which will be welcome to all pacifists like himself. No doubt the Manchester massacre added a sting to his thought:

From the moment that a man is a soldier he becomes a slave. He is taught obedience; his will is no longer, which is the most sacred prerogative of men, guided by his own judgment. He is taught to despise human life and human suffering; this is the universal distinction of slaves. He is more degraded than a murderer; he is like the bloody knife which has stabbed and feels not; a murderer we may abhor and despise; a soldier is, by profession, beyond abhorrence and below contempt.

There are many other passages it would be interesting to quote — the poet's praise of the United States as free at all events from monarchy; his eulogy of Germany ('rising with the fervor of a vigorous youth to the assertion of those rights for which it has desire arising from knowledge, the surest pledge of victory'); his observation of the energetic development of literature, and especially of poetry, in England under the stress of change and upheaval (as we observe it, though far less conspicuously and powerfully, to-day); his estimate of manhood suffrage, and of woman suffrage (for which he thought the time was hardly ripe, and indeed it had a century to wait); and his pleasing suggestion that the way to meet the attacks of armed forces under the orders of government was to stand absolutely still 'with folded arms and unshrinking bosoms.' (The same passive resistance is recommended in *The Mask of Anarchy*.) We may re-

ceive many of his observations and proposals with a melancholy smile, they seem so young and crude. The last few years have shaken our faith in man's natural virtue and his approaching perfectibility. Even if we could clear away all kings and priests and plutocrats and institutions, we rather doubt whether mankind would straightway become happy and good forevermore. The Powers of Darkness have put forth a terrible strength since the days of Shelley and his 'Demogorgon.' With deeper fervor even than his, we may join in his prayer:

The world is weary of the past,
O might it die or rest at last!

But with what joy we are reminded by this pamphlet of that singularly beautiful nature, so young, so like a cloud of fire! No 'beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain;' but a man so devoted to reason that in a wilderness of madmen he was thought insane; so compassionate that he could have sat upon no Charity Commission; and so filled with the love and understanding of mankind that, in that den of hatred and stupidity, he was hardly allowed to live. It was not by pamphlets that he became immortal, but the very fact of undertaking work such as this places him among those great poets who have clutched deep into life, and have not cherished their powers for ditties of the hedgerow and dewdrop. By such labor for the world, his nature is revealed as standing in the same rank with Dante, Milton, Goethe, and Byron. Some have rebuked practical or political labors in great poets as staining the white radiance of their eternity. But, after all, it is the many colors of the glass that combine to make the radiance white.

[*Land and Water*]

THE HORRORS OF GOLF

BY A. P. HERBERT

I HAVE become a bondslave myself. I have joined the club for a week. Every morning that I don't play, every afternoon that I don't play, I am wasting money. I am in the net. I have even detected myself talking golf-shop at meals. Last year there were some men here who told me every evening exactly what had happened to them at each of the 36 holes they had played during the day. The golf memory is a special memory, like the bridge memory, and they remembered everything. At the sixth they drove into the bunker but holed out with a mashie in three. At the seventh they drove into the pigsty. At the eighth they drove on to the green. At the ninth they drove into the sea. At the tenth they drove out of sight. At the eleventh they drove me mad. At the twelfth I rushed out of the lounge and sat in the drawing-room. There were two men there who had just got to the sixteenth, which they halved in three with their brassies. In the smoking-room there were two men who had gone round in three under fours. In the billiard-room there was a man who had gone round in two under threes. If I went back to the lounge there was a man who had gone round in three under twos. In bed I used to dream of a man who had gone round in two under ones. It was appalling.

But this week I find that I can endure this sort of thing. I find myself contributing. Only, of course, my golf-shop is very different from most people's. My golf-shop is more selective. I give them broad effects, not mere catalogues — less statistical but more human. I take a few selected

holes and deal with them in the proper analytical method. Usually I tell them about the eleventh, which is nearly always my most exciting hole.

To-day I was playing it in a mixed foursome. It is a short hole, about 130 yards, but it has a lot of 'interest.' There is a high wall right across it, and before that there is a bank, and to the right there is a road, and beyond the road a farmyard; and to the left there are a cliff and the Atlantic Ocean. The medium player takes his iron and puts his ball near the green. The good player takes his mashie and puts it on the green. The expert takes his putter and puts the ball down. Personally, after a lot of argument, I take my brassie and hit the ball with all my strength into the wall. That is what I did to-day. It was one of those nice curly ones which look as if they were going to do the boomerang trick and come back to the tee: but it did n't. It nestled under a brick. My partner got it out beautifully into a place where I could easily hit it on to the green. It hit the wall very hard and bounded back to the tee. We started again. My partner hit a beauty, but it struck the top of the bank and embedded itself under the wall again. Over the next seven strokes we will draw a veil. We worked steadily to the northeast under the wall. With our twelfth we had a real chance of getting over. We did n't. My partner hit a beauty, but, curiously enough, it hit the top brick of the wall again. The ball bounded across the road, hit the farmyard wall on the other side, and viciously assaulted a brand new motor-car which was waiting for a millionaire who was eating too much cream at the farm. It made a loud noise, and the chauffeur, who was asleep, woke up and gesticulated. The millionaire's chauffeur had no sense of humor, and was not amused.

It was now impossible to get at the green by the direct route because of the trees — so we decided to try the Northeast Passage through the gateway. I putted obliquely through the wheels of the motor-car at the gate. A clever shot, but it missed the gate and went back toward the wall. That wall has magnetic properties. My partner conceived the brilliant notion of doing a rebound off the farmyard wall through the gate. For some strange reason she did it with her niblick and lofted the ball neatly into the farmyard. We found it out of bounds in the midden and counted one. With our sixteenth we were in a commanding position northeast of the gate. My partner then opened her shoulders and hit a great blow with her niblick through the gateway. We were now nearly as far from the green as we had ever been, but we were over the wall.

Our eighteenth was a lovely approach by me. It approached a stock-jobber and struck him in the stomach. The stock-jobber is a nice man and was quite amused. It was one of those mashie-shots which one hits half-way up the shaft, but it might quite easily have hit the lower slopes of the unnecessary mountain on which the green is placed and struggled up to the summit. Then we should have been on the green in eighteen. As it was we were on the green in twenty. But I laid our twentieth dead — at least, it ought to have been dead, for my partner, who usually puts with great accuracy and decision. This time she did what they call a nice firm putt, which charged over the edge of the mountain and rushed violently down the steep place on the other side. I took my niblick — or, rather, I took my partner's niblick. I have no niblick myself and have lost a good deal of caste in consequence.

My partner's niblick is about two feet long. It is called Little Willie, and it is a ridiculous club. She uses it when she is in bunkers, or in bushes, or under walls, or in long grass — well, everywhere. Very often she drives with it. And whenever she uses it the ball goes a hundred yards. I thought I would do one of my chip-shots with it. A chip-shot is when you bury the club and chip out a great sod of earth, and the ball goes a nice short way. I successfully buried Little Willie and chipped out the sod of earth, but the ball soared over the green and back on to the road.

My partner now played one of those strokes which really make golf worth while: a combination of genius, foresight, skill, daring, subtlety, and naked luck. She took Little Willie and hit the ball straight up in the air. After a long time it came down on the green with a loud plop and rolled gently into the hole. We were down in twenty-three.

Meanwhile, our opponents were still looking for their second, which had gone over the cliff. They never found it, so we won the hole. That is what I call golf.

[The Athenaeum]

THE GIRL AT NOLAN'S

BY LENNOX ROBINSON

HER day began early. At six o'clock Mrs. Nolan's alarm clock 'went off' — as she called it — and she got up, went into Nora's room and poked and pushed her until she woke her. This done, she went back to bed.

Awakened at last the great heavy girl dragged herself out of bed with difficulty. She slept in a small, oddly-shaped room under the stairs, windowless except for two panes of glass high up near the ceiling which allowed a

little light from the bar to trickle in. After the night the atmosphere was heavy and fetid and Nora regained consciousness slowly. She slept as she ate — with enormous, unfailing appetite. Her clothes lay in a shapeless heap on a chair and when, without washing face or hands, she had listlessly put them on they seemed hardly less shapeless than before. She twisted her hair into a ball at the back of her head and fastened it with a couple of thick hairpins.

Her first duty was to sweep out the hotel bar. Her brush gathered the burnt matches, the cigarette ends, the flakes of dried mud into a heap and spread the pools and splashes of porter into dark smudges on the tiles. She then washed the counter and the floor.

After the bar was finished there were piles of glasses and crockery to be washed. She washed them in water which was never quite hot enough and which seemed to grow greasy at once and she dried them with a cloth that was never quite clean or quite dry. Then there were bed-room slops to be emptied, floors to be scrubbed, stairs to be scrubbed. A bucket of greasy water and a gray cloth seemed to be part of her, she was futilely engaged all day with their help in making dirty things a little less dirty but never quite clean. When you went upstairs her bucket was sure to be standing on a step, if you went into your bed-room she would sidle out, a wet rag in her hand. Instinctively you recoiled from her, instinctively you avoided looking at a thing so empty of interest, so gray, so greasy, so clumsy and uninviting.

No one, however, was unkind to her. It was true that she was a workhouse child, but her parents had been poor, respectable people who had been swept away by fever leaving her entirely alone in the world. Mrs. Nolan

was kind to her in a careless way. Nora worked hard and, if she ate largely, she wasn't grudged immense helpings of bacon and cabbage. Her unattractiveness was actually an asset. 'I'd rather have an ugly gamawk of a girl like Nora,' Mrs. Nolan was heard to say, 'than one of those flighty lasses that you'd never know what they'd be up to and the men in the bar would be coddling and going on with.'

Certainly no man who visited the hotel bar ever wasted his time in coddling Nora. Miss Liston who presided over that department of the hotel provided sufficient interest and charm. She was far from being flighty, on the contrary she was most respectable and very pretty, and always very well dressed. The customers called her 'Miss Liston' and it was only one or two older men, friends of her father, who ventured to call her 'Annie.' She had a gift of smart repartee and sharp, rather cruel humor which won her a large crowd of respectful admirers. From time to time during the evening Nora would pass in and out of the bar to fetch clean glasses or to wipe the counter. Her presence was entirely unnoticed and the talk and laughter continued without interruption.

And then one evening Mrs. Nolan heard a sound of sobbing and went into Nora's room and found her lying on her bed crying.

'What's the matter? What is it in the name of God?'

Nora lifted her head.

'Holy Mother of God,' said Mrs. Nolan, 'what's happened to your hair?'

The story came out gradually. She had been walking with a soldier and the lads had caught her and cut her hair as a punishment.

Mrs. Nolan's political views were not strong.

'Bringing disgrace on the hotel like this,' was all she said. 'You weren't much to look at before but you're a fright altogether now. Wait till I tell Francey.'

Her husband was indignant at the outrage.

'A quiet girl like Nora, they had no right to do the like of it. Why shouldn't she walk with a soldier? 'Tis the first boy I ever heard of her going out with.' And then he added, thoughtfully, 'Them English must have a queer taste in women to say they'd go with Nora.'

'Sure don't you know there's not a decent girl in the town will be seen with one of them?' his wife retorted.

'That's true. Wait till I tell it in the bar!'

The men in the bar were a little slow in seeing the joke. Many of them were quite unconscious of Nora's existence. 'What girl? . . . a lumpy girl? . . . I don't ever remember seeing her . . .' Finally, Miss Liston interposed, 'I'll show her to you,' she said and summoned Nora to the bar in her sharpest tone.

Seeing her before them, cropped head and all, the joke broke on the bar with irresistible force. That *that* should have an English Tommy for her boy! They took their tone from Miss Liston, they were merciless, there was a fusilade of questions, of innuendoes.

Nora said little in explanation or defense, but gradually the truth came out. It had been under the trees up Church Lane, his arm had been round her . . . he might have kissed her, she would n't be sure . . . the lads jumped over the hedge, the soldier ran away . . . they had their faces blacked, she would n't know them again. . . . she knew the soldier well, she had been meeting him for the past month, ever since the soldiers had been quartered in the court-house.

The little town seethed with the story. It was the first occurrence of the kind in the neighborhood. Every evening now the bar was crowded, and strangers to the town were invited by their friends to 'have a drink at Nolan's and see the girl who had her hair bobbed for walking with a soldier.' Men who had never noticed Nora before looked at her now; for all her lumpishness there must, after all, be some attraction in her, her size in itself might be the allurement, and they spoke to her and tried to draw her out, spoke to her not always quite respectfully, not, for instance, as they were accustomed to speak to Miss Liston, but then you could venture to be a little broad with a soldier's girl and one who had been roughly handled into the bargain.

To all this Nora responded but little. Sometimes, at some especially daring sally, a great smile would spread over her red face, but generally it remained as expressionless as ever.

But a week later, just after she had gone to bed, Annie Liston came to her room seeking a pair of scissors. They could n't be found easily and Nora, lying in bed, in a sleepy voice directed her to look here and there. Annie gave a sharp exclamation.

'Well, I declare to goodness!'

'Have you found them?'

'I have not. I've found something else.'

She had pulled out an old cardboard box from under a pile of clothes. The scissors were in it. The box was full of dirty hair.

'What on earth is this?'

Nora did n't answer. She stared dumbly at Annie.

'You told the men in the bar that the lads carried off your hair. Was it a lie? . . . Why did you bring it up here? . . . Who cut your hair? . . . I believe you cut it yourself!'

'Was it all a story you made up?'
No answer from the bed.

'I'll go find Mrs. Nolan. This will be a great tale for them all.'

The heavy body raised itself.

'Don't, Annie, don't for the love of God. Look, if you do I'll kill myself. I declare to God I will. I'll throw myself in the river.'

'What are you talking about?'

'I will, I will, I'll drown myself.'

'You're mad.'

'Leave me alone, can't you,' Nora sobbed. 'Where was the harm in it, it was my own hair.'

'And was there no soldier in it at all? Will you answer me, Nora? Was it all a make-up?'

'It was.'

'But why? Why in the name of goodness would you put out that story of yourself and cut off your hair as well?'

'Tis easy for you to talk. There's men always after you and boys killing each other to take you to the pictures. Not a one ever looked at me, and Mrs. Nolan going on saying 'twas a mercy I was such a fright the way I'd have nothing to take my mind from my work.'

Annie burst into a scream of laughter.

'So you wanted a man for yourself and to prove the truth of the tale cut off your hair! Well, I never heard the like of it. And, anyway, I'd rather have the men not see me at all than have them joking and jeering the way they are at yourself.'

But Nora's face took on a queer expression half of embarrassment, half of triumph.

'They're doing more than laugh at me?'

'What do you mean?'

The big girl was confused. She did n't answer at once.

'Tis Mossy,' she said at last.

'Mossy Burke. In the passage behind the bar. He gave me a squeeze.'

'That fella!'

'He's going to meet me one of these evenings and take me for a walk.'

'I would n't doubt him. Listen here, Nora. Let you have nothing to do with Mossy. Don't we all know the sort he is? Look at the way he treated the McCarthy girl. She had to leave the town.'

'He's years coming to the bar and he never before looked at me.'

'Do you mean you *like* to have him after you?'

Nora made no answer but turned away and buried her cropped tousled

head in the pillow. Annie stared at her silently, her shallow laughter suddenly quenched. Was it possible that this uncouth, ugly creature craved — like herself — for admiration and love? And, if so, was n't the worst that Mossy Burke and his sort could do to her better than nothing, better than utter blankness, better than an eternal attachment to her bucket and her greasy rag? A wave of pity swept over her.

'God help us all,' she muttered, and to her astonishment found she had knelt by the bed and caught and clasped Nora's red, work-deformed hand.

[*The Spectator*]
GIPSY-NIGHT

BY RICHARD HUGHES

(Written for *Pamela Bianco*)

When the feet of the rain tread a dance on the rooves,
And the wind creeps through the rocks and the trees;
And Dobbin has stabled his hooves
In the warm bracken-litter that rustles about his knees:
And when there is no moon, and the sodden clouds slip over:
Whenever there is no moon, and the rain drips cold,
And folk with a shilling of money are bedded in houses;
And pools of water glitter on Farmer's mould —

Then pity Sally's Girls, with the rain in their blouses:
— Martha and Johnnie, who have no money:
— The small naked puppies that whimper against the bitches:
— The small soaking children who creep to the ditches.

But when the moon is run like a red fox,
Cover to cover, behind the skies;
And the breezes crack in the trees on the rocks,
Or stoop to flutter about the eyes
Of one who dreams in the scent of pines
At ease:

Then would you not go foot it with Sarah's Girls
In and out the trees?
Or listen across the fire
To old Tinker-Johnnie and Martha his Rawnee
In jutting Wales, or in orchard Worcestershire?

[*English Review*]

LABOR DONE

BY IVAN ALAN SEYMOUR

FLING back the portals of this House
of Moil,
And let me leapathwart theeveningsun!
At last all things I had to do are done,
And I am free from labor and from toil.
Fling wide, therefore, the gates; let me
o'erstride
The shadows length'ning on the tree-
fringed lane;
And let me catch the freedom-prompted
strain
Of sparrow-chatter, ere the light has
died.
No more the fetid workshop hems me in;
No more the hammers' cruel javelin
Of noise must pierce mine ears; all that
is past
Since I am free, to leap and laugh, at last.
Ah, see; the colors in the West are gay—
They mark the passing of another
day. . . .

[*The Poetry Review*]

THE CALL

BY H. J. G. HOGG

Some day I'll cut my bearings loose
And hie me west again,
There's a battered old tramp steamer
I shall take,
And I'll sing to meet the driving wind,
And taste the salty rain,
And watch the white foam churning in
her wake.
To smell the tarry, smoky smell,
And to hear the rigging creak,
With the everlasting rainbow at her
prow,
Will fill me with a gladness
That is far too good to speak.
How I wish I heard her siren blowing
now!

Some day I'll make the prairie trail,
And see the foothills rise,
They stretch away to where the
Rockies stand.
On a half broke pinto pony,
Under blue and open skies,
I'll ride away into a fairyland.

The stars shall be my friends at night,
The grass shall be my bed,
And my camp just where I am when
day is done.

With my slicker for a blanket,
And my saddle 'neath my head,
I'll sleep until the coming of the sun.

When the buds come on the lime trees.
And the crows begin to nest,
There's something always tugging at
my heart,
And it never seems to leave me,
And it never gives me rest,
But ever, ever calls me to depart.
For sea and lake and prairie
Are waiting there for me,
To shake the city's dust from off my
feet.
Then I feel I must be going,
For I cannot happy be,
When the Pipes of Pan are calling out
so sweet.

[*The Nation*]

EVADNE

BY H. D.

I first tasted under Apollo's lips
Love and love-sweetness,
I Evadne;
My hair is made of crisp violets
Or hyacinth which the wind combs
back
Across some rock shelf;
I Evadne
Was mate of the god of light.

His hair was crisp to my mouth
As the flower of the crocus,
Across my cheek,
Cool as the silver cress
On Eros' bank;
Between my chin and throat
His mouth slipped over and over.

Still between my arm and shoulder,
I feel the brush of his hair,
And my hands keep the gold they took
As they wandered over and over
That great arm-full of yellow flowers